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The Week

BEFORE this issue of the New Republic is in the hands of its readers, it seems likely that the Senate will have voted for American adherence to the protocol of the Permanent Court of International Justice. The application of the cloture rule voted on Monday, by a majority of 68 to 26, brought to an end the filibuster by the Court's enemies, and forecast the virtual certainty that the vote on the Court itself would go through with an even larger margin. The New Republic believes in the desirability of American participation in the World Court, and rejoices that it is to come about. We regret, however, that the terms of our adherence involve such extraordinary last-minute concessions to the Court's foes that our entry loses much of its meaning.

THE new Swanson reservations, accepted by the pro-Court group just before the cloture vote, grant the Court jurisdiction in cases involving the United States and any other nation only after a treaty providing for such reference either in the case of individual disputes or in the case of prede-

termined classes has been agreed to by the two Powers. This, of course, involves ratification by the Senate which thus retains its veto power over Court action. Another reservation says the United States does not relinquish "its traditional policy toward purely American questions," which means that no dispute involving the Monroe Doctrine is to be subject to Court jurisdiction. These new reservations were deemed by the supporters of the Court to be necessary to prevent the failure of the whole project. Incredible as it may seem, the new reservations were framed chiefly because some Senators from the South feared lest foreign governments might raise the question of repudiated state debts dating back to Civil War times. The result of course is that the degree of our participation in the Court will be very much less than that of its other members.

WHILE the terms of the new reservations go far beyond what the New Republic regards as reasonable caution, we do not share the fear that they will be found unacceptable to the other nations which are members of the Court. Europe is well aware that a large section of American opinion is pathologically timid in regard to our participating in any international activity of whatever character. They will count, and we believe wisely, on the gradual subsidence of these fears as the experience of limited adherence to the Court shows how groundless all our terrors were. The terms of our membership can and should be modified in the future. In the meantime there is a great gain in the fact that we are willing to take any share at all.

SHOCKING bad faith on the part of the anthracite coal operators is indicated by the action of the Pennsylvania legislature's committee in killing Governor Pinchot's regulative bills after a snap hearing at which only the representatives of the operators were present. Obviously the operators and their allies control the Republican machine in the state and their control has led to the smothering of the bills without a fair discussion. In propaganda statements, the operators proclaim deep concern for the public, and base their demand for compulsory arbitration on the ground of the public's interest in continuous operation. Yet they will not allow a

proposal actually to treat anthracite mining as a public utility in matters of valuation and price even to be debated. This ought to be a sufficient indication of their disingenuousness to any who have been inclined to favor them.

THE chief bill which the operators do promote and apparently expect to pass is one the purpose of which is to permit them to import non-union miners into the anthracite fields and thus to weaken the union. This is destructive strategy of the worst sort. Perhaps the operators are thinking of the inroads made into their market by substitute fuels, and fear that they will have to lower prices in the future. They therefore may be contemplating the possibility of recouping from the workers by reducing wages. But there is another way out, which is constructive and deserves all possible support. In order that this solution may prevail it is essential that the miners' union survive the struggle with all its powers intact and that wages be not reduced or reducible. The next step would be the acceptance of the union not only as the agent protecting the immediate welfare of the miners, but also as an agent fulfilling certain constructive functions in the actual mining and marketing of anthracite coal. Chief among such functions would be coöperation between locals and representatives of the union and the management of the mines to increase output, eliminate waste, improve quality and so make possible lower operating costs.

ANY who doubt the feasibility of such action, when each side is willing to deal with the other in good faith, should if possible attend the open meeting on Union-Management Coöperation in the Railway Industry to be held on the evening of February 5 in the Engineering Societies building in New York, under the auspices of the Taylor Society and other engineering associations. There O. S. Beyer, Jr., consulting engineer of the railway shopcrafts, Bert M. Jewell, their President, and Sir Henry Thornton of the Canadian National Railways will appraise the benefits of according to the unions a secure place in industry and proceeding beyond the primitive battle over minimum standards to a joint effort, based on consent, to improve the operation of industry.

ELSEWHERE in this issue we publish the first of a series of articles which deserves a word of special comment. As a rule, the New Republic is opposed to the acceptance of anonymous contributions. The articles of which A Reviewer's Confession is the first are, however, an exception which we feel will prove itself thoroughly justified. In succeeding articles men and women in various occupations and widely separated walks of life will tell in turn what life means to each of them, as its colors are refracted through the prism of trade or profession. It is plain that the value of such ar-

ticles lies in complete frankness, the unhesitant pouring out of the contents of the mind; and that anonymity affords the only screen which will make this possible. While this series is planned ahead for some time, it is by no means closed; and we invite those of our readers who feel that they could contribute matter of interest to send in their manuscripts for consideration. We suggest also that such articles are more likely to be acceptable if they record activities of a non-bookish character. We should like to hear from a farmer, a lumberman, a sailor, a housewife; we are amply stocked with the autobiographies of college professors, authors, publicists and editors.

JUDGE THOMAS D. THACHER of the Federal Bench in New York City recently complained that one-half of the time devoted by him, and presumably by his colleagues, to the criminal side of his court concerned prosecutions under the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act. Judge Thacher cited this as an illustration of the burden cast on federal courts which, in any pertinent distribution of judicial business as between state and federal tribunals, properly belongs to the enforcement of local police laws and at present diverts the energies of the federal courts from matters peculiarly of federal concern. The Supreme Court may soon relieve Judge Thacher and his brethren of the duty of enforcing the Harrison Act. In an opinion which seems to have escaped the news columns, the court gave a broad hint that it is eager to reconsider the *Doremus* Case of 1919, sustaining the constitutionality of the Harrison Act, whenever the issue is directly brought before it. In effect, the Harrison Law regulates the drug traffic, a matter otherwise of state concern, through the device of taxation. But, since 1919, the Supreme Court has nullified similar indirect uses of the federal taxing power when resorted to for the purpose of regulating child labor and trading in futures. These decisions, and tendencies implicit in them, now lead the court to invite an assault on the Anti-Narcotic Law. Doubtless a case will soon be found to give the court an opportunity for reversing itself, if that be its aim. Such a decision would considerably relieve the federal courts in the big cities of police cases. It would also compel the states to face their responsibilities towards the drug evil.

WHILE waiting to overthrow a federal law and to restrict the federal power, the Supreme Court upset another state law and jeopardized a widespread exercise of state power. One of the oldest and most prevalent types of industrial regulation aims at decent standards of wages on public works. These are the so-called "prevailing rates of wages" laws, whereby labor on state and municipal enterprise is assured a wage not below that prevailing in a community for like labor. The Supreme Court now holds that a law of Oklahoma providing for

the "current rate of wages" of the "locality" offends the requirements of "due process" because the standard was too indefinite for enforcement and "locality" is also too indefinite a circumscription. All this in the name of the blessed Constitution. Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis, instead of upsetting the entire law—with all its implications in its requirement for definiteness where one must necessarily deal with flexible standards—found that as to the particular incident there were no acts warranting a comparison of wages in Cleveland and Oklahoma. These two methods of dealing with this case reveal two wholly different conceptions as to the duty of the Supreme Court towards state legislation when challenged under the due process clause. We shall be surprised if various state laws, long enforced without difficulty, will not be subjected to the risks of litigation in this open season against social legislation. The votes of a new member of the Supreme Bench are matters of far greater importance than the votes of Senators on contested issues. We therefore note that Mr. Justice Stone was with the majority. This is the third time since Mr. Justice Stone's accession to the Bench that Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis have expressed views different from the majority. Apparently Mr. Justice Stone does not find it congenial to shiver with Holmes and Brandeis; he prefers the warmth of the solid majority.

A FORTNIGHT ago we commented on the necessity which now exists in New York and elsewhere for having the state lend its aid in order to solve the problem of providing houses for families of limited means. A few days later comes the first annual report of the Bayonne (N. J.) Housing Corporation to offer convincing proof that the solution which Governor Alfred E. Smith recommended to the State Legislature is the proper one. Pointing out that private enterprise is failing to furnish decent homes at prices the average man can pay, the Governor urged that limited dividend corporations be authorized, with the power to purchase land by condemnation proceedings, on which to erect houses of carefully restricted design. Funds for the use of such corporations might be loaned by a State Housing Bank, or by the municipalities out of the proceeds of special bond issues. The Bayonne Housing Corporation, it is true, satisfies only part of these requirements. It has no power of condemnation, and receives no state aid—not even the tax exemption of New York. It is, however, a corporation which limits its dividends to 5 percent, having been formed by a group of large corporations seeking to give their workers satisfactory homes. The houses were designed and built by an architect, Mr. Andrew J. Thomas, who is a leading authority on new types of low-cost apartments. What is the result? The buildings are well constructed, light, airy; two-thirds of the land area is devoted to garden, lawn

and playground. Yet these apartments for a year have returned a reasonable profit when rented at only \$9 to \$10.25 a month a room. If there are equally attractive apartments available anywhere else in Bayonne, which we doubt, they are to be had only at rents which are far beyond the working man's purse; and at rates he can pay, he can elsewhere get nothing which is in any degree comparable. Yet the Bayonne Housing Corporation is not a charity; it earns a fair banking return on the investment. No more convincing evidence could be had that the solution proposed by Governor Smith is sound.

The Prohibition Muddle

PROHIBITION is coming to have more and more an unfortunate reaction upon the springs and processes of our national politics. The Eighteenth Amendment upset the traditional balance between the federal and the state governments and imposed on the former the duty of compelling all American citizens to obey a rule of personal conduct from which many of them had sound reasons for dissenting. Its authors introduced into American politics an inevitably distracting element, an irrepressible red herring which interferes with the consecutive consideration of political and economic problems and which brings with it a disheartening incompatibility between the ends of American government and its means. There is present at every American political banquet the ghost of this great mistake whose apparition is always unwelcome and is usually denied but which none the less sits uneasily on the moral stomachs of the diners. The mistake is dividing the American people into two classes both of which in one way or another are unfaithful to the Republic. There is the class of the opponents of Prohibition who deliberately violate the law on the ground that by obeying it they deprive themselves of the only leverage for its repeal or modification. And there is the class of prohibitionists who obey and believe in the law but will not face the political and administrative consequences of forcing obedience on its violators.

Of these two classes we can dismiss the first with only brief comment. It is consistent and realistic. Its members regard the law as an unjustifiable invasion of personal liberty and disobedience to it as an essentially political offense. They cannot protest against it with any chance of success by refusing to submit to its dictation. Whatever may be thought of the morals of this attitude, it is certainly sound politics. If the law were conscientiously obeyed by respectable citizens and successfully enforced on the remnant, the agitation to repeal or modify the existing legislation could not gather headway. The refusal to obey a law which does not discriminate between guilty and innocent acts of personal con-

duct but involves both in a common condemnation is the necessary foundation of a political campaign for its amendment. Yet, of course, in any well-regulated community a law-breaker even for a good purpose should suffer and has no right to squeal if the consequences are unpleasant. It would be a chastening and appropriate penalty for prominent members of society who buy booze from bootleggers in order to protest against the Volstead Act to find themselves haled into court and compelled to testify against their companions in crime. If they should happen to be on record in favor of prohibition for the benefit of the working man, it would be a good thing to placard them and expose them for eight hours in some workingmen's neighborhood.

But it is the attitude of the second of these groups which is of most importance and to which we wish to call attention—the people who believe in the law and obey it but who will not face the political and administrative consequences of enforcing it. Up to the present time these professional prohibitionists have not taken up the challenge of their fellow-citizens who disobey the law in the hope of nullifying or modifying it. They talk emphatically about law enforcement, and they denounce its violators as moral reprobates and as civic criminals but, we repeat, they do not seriously and realistically face the problem of what federal administrative machinery the enforcement of the law really demands. Prohibition imposes on federal officials in those communities which are most hostile to it a colossal task. The task may not be impossible, but it certainly is rendered impossible by the inadequacy of the instruments placed at the disposal of the executive by the legislature. Yet when a federal district attorney explains why the law is violated with impunity and the kind of equipment which he needs for its enforcement, he is regarded by the politicians as a public nuisance and by the prohibitionists with suspicion as a covert enemy of the great reform.

The prohibitionists seem afraid to take up the challenge which the opponents of the law have flung down. They do not dare to assume responsibility for the cost and the consequences of forcing on the communities which are opposed to the law complete obedience to its commands. The authors of the Amendment hoped or expected that all the states would pass dry laws and that the federal and state authorities would coöperate in punishing violations. The great majority of the states have passed laws which require their own officials to enforce prohibition, and in many parts of the country, particularly in rural districts, the enforcement is sufficiently effective, but in cities of any size it is generally violated with the consent of respectable public opinion and in some large cities like New York and Chicago the law is probably not more than 10 or 15 percent effective. This default, when it exists, is traceable to one or both of two causes. Either the state refuses to coöperate, or the federal

officials are incompetent and lukewarm or they are asked with the means at their disposal to accomplish an impossible task. There is no way of providing the only adequate remedy, which would be a joint invigoration of state and federal enforcement. States like New York and New Jersey are frankly wet, and their wetness is an essential part of the political campaign against prohibition. In such neighborhoods the law can be enforced only by federal authority, and if prohibition is really to be tried in these communities, the federal authority must be equipped to perform the job.

Mr. Emory R. Buckner, United States Attorney for the southern district of New York, is performing a distinct public service in calling attention to this dilemma of the prohibitionists. He is responsible for prosecuting violators of the Volstead Act in a territory containing about seven million inhabitants. In this territory the law is being notoriously and generally disobeyed. Yet he is allowed only one-third of the time of one judge to handle cases of personal delinquency and the procedure of the federal court requires that every criminal case be tried by a jury. His own staff is not substantially more numerous than it would have been before the passage of the Volstead Act. He proposes that the government hire an adequate number of prohibition agents at salaries much higher than the \$2000 a year which they are now paid and establish federal police courts which are capable of dealing summarily with petty offenses against the law. This is obviously the honest course to pursue, but so far as we can observe, Mr. Buckner has not made any headway with the proposal. Neither the Attorney-General nor the Treasury Department has endorsed it and those private organizations which are most responsible for the existence of prohibition have not approved it and have done nothing to promote its adoption.

Why?

We can only guess as to the answer, but we can guess fairly close. The administration has from its own point of view good reasons for not taking the proposal seriously. The new legislation could not be passed without a sharp fight and prolonged popular agitation; and Mr. Coolidge is particularly anxious both to avoid agitation and, if possible, to keep prohibition below the threshold of party politics. The professional prohibitionists on their part are afraid of the price which might have to be paid for the enforcement of the Volstead Act on hostile communities by federal officials. The effort to enforce it might be too expensive in money, might arouse too much resistance and might in the end count heavily against the popularity of prohibition. They consider it safer to wait. They hope that little by little the enforcement of the law will arouse less resistance. They talk about gradually educating both the conscientious tipplers and the thoughtless violators to mend their ways. Finally they prefer to make the opponents of the law take the

aggressive. The latter must soon try to reap some political advantage from their conscientious disobedience, and it is better politics for the prohibitionists to await the attack than to provoke it. They are in possession of most of the coveted territory and they do not need to attack.

The comfort which the prohibitionists are now taking in an appeal to the gradual education of public opinion in favor of obedience is merely a compensatory illusion. When the churches possessed much more authority over personal conduct than they now do, they tried heroically to induce church-goers to sign the pledge as a matter of Christian duty. They failed. It was because they failed that they finally called upon the law to force not only on church-goers but upon all American citizens a total abstinence which they were unable to bring about by consent. After having substituted compulsion for voluntary action, they cannot reasonably expect to invoke education and persuasion to repair the defects of their means of compulsion. The violators of the law have a sound political justification for their misbehavior. The prohibitionists have fastened upon the government the duty of securing obedience to a rule of personal conduct which, so far as it belonged to anybody except to the individual, belonged to the churches and which the churches once tried and failed to redeem. After having dragged in the federal government to accomplish a reform which properly belonged to the individual conscience and after the government also has failed, they cannot fall back on the individual conscience to repair the diminished prestige of the government. They themselves have subordinated the moral to the political aspect of the question. They must now conduct the fight for effective prohibition according to the rules of politics.

The certain result of a continuation of the existing practice of violating the law for political purposes will be an increasing cheapening and discrediting of the federal government. It is essential for its future health that the law either be enforced or modified. Since the dries will not act as if the alternative were real and try to secure for the federal government the power to enforce the law on hostile communities, the only other source of relief is an aggressive campaign on the part of the wets on behalf of the modification of the law. For this reason we welcome the prospect that the friends of Governor Smith will both precipitate and define the issue. Mr. Smith will almost certainly run on a platform which will propose, not a repeal of the Amendment, which is impossible, but a repeal of the administrative provisions of the Volstead Act. If the issue is presented in this way, the wet candidate will probably be defeated, but either his defeat or victory should start something moving. If the dries win and the voters approve the principle of federal enforcement in spite of local hostility, the dries can no longer avoid an attempt to establish the kind of federal machinery for punishing violations of the law which

Mr. Buckner proposes. The American people will finally understand the amount of expense and the administrative persecution of the individual which the enforcement of prohibition on the whole country involves. Then at some subsequent election they will be better educated to discuss and answer the ultimate political question which is proposed by national prohibition. The Amendment is not a divine edict. It is an experiment in the national dictation of private conduct which should be either continued, modified or abandoned in the light of the way in which it works. But American public opinion will never discover how it works until its advocates agree to consider it as an experiment which deserves to be honestly tried before it is abandoned. If after being honestly tried, it has to be abandoned, it will not involve the national government in its failure.

What to Do with a Surplus

WHEN Secretary Mellon said that because a Treasury surplus existed it should be distributed to the taxpayers just as corporate profits should be distributed to the shareholders, there were few to disagree with him. Technical questions were raised; there were controversies over how the various classes of taxpayers should benefit. The New Republic almost alone protested against the fiscal policy of reducing rates at all, as well as against the social desirability of allowing large fortunes to grow as rapidly as they would without high surtaxes. But there is a more general question of policy yet, which we wish to emphasize for future reference before action by Congress ends the present agitation over taxation.

Popular discussion of taxation gives a strangely distorted picture of the relationship between governmental and other enterprise. It is assumed that private business is in one compartment and governmental activity in another. Private enterprise produces goods and services for the nation; government is a disagreeable necessity caused by the demand for policemen, armies, courts and lawmakers. Of course we have to pay for government and must tax ourselves to do so. But it is not "productive" and hence its expenses should be kept to the lowest possible point so that private business should have as large funds as possible. Authoritative economists have often pointed out the absurdity of this position. Government produces services and goods just as truly as private business. Even those establishments incident to the lawmaking and police power have an immense economic and social value—however much we may deplore particular actions of legislatures, courts and executives. In addition, the highly productive character of schools, roads, scientific research and hundreds of other public undertakings cannot be denied.

The principal economic difference between pri-

vate and governmental enterprise is not that one is productive of wealth and the other non-productive, but that we pay for their product in different ways. The cost of a private business is borne by its particular customers, each paying according to the amount of output he uses. The cost of a public enterprise—in so far as it is met out of taxation rather than out of direct charges as in the case of the post office—is borne by the taxpayers, who are also consumers. This is not the place to discuss in detail the various methods of arranging the incidence of taxation; the important point is that in both cases the public receives services and pays for them. There is no invariable reason for favoring less money for governmental and more for private services on the ground of the relative amounts of wealth produced. Each should perform the services for which it is better fitted. Each should be conducted as efficiently as possible. But it does not follow from this that the more money we take from government and give to private undertakings the better off in goods and services we shall be. In fact, under certain circumstances the reverse is true.

We want here to point out the special applicability of this principle to the use of the surplus. A private business, as long as it continues to function, collects more from the public than it needs to pay its costs—including the cost of upkeep. This excess constitutes the profit of the concern. Part of the profit is distributed to the owners, and part is reserved for the surplus. Those persons who receive dividends and salaries—especially those with the larger incomes—usually develop surpluses of their own, which they are prepared to invest rather than spend for current satisfaction. Thus we have, over and above the costs of private industry every year, a large surplus which can be devoted to new enterprises or expansion of old ones. Similarly, the government sometimes finds that it has collected more to pay for its services than its existing activities have cost, and thus has a surplus. Now to argue that the government must necessarily get rid of this surplus by lowering taxes is just as absurd as to argue that all private businesses should get rid of their surpluses by lowering prices and all private persons of theirs by remitting dividends and salaries remaining after current expenses are met. In the case of private enterprise we recognize that the surplus has a social value—it is a nest egg leading presumably to more production and more welfare. Why not apply this doctrine also to a governmental surplus?

Indeed, analysis of the situation leads much deeper than this. When we have said that a surplus is beneficial, we have said little. How large should it be in reference to the amount devoted to satisfaction of current desires? And how can we use it to the best social advantage? The economic dogma current among business men is that whatever surplus may be thrown up by the processes of private enterprise cannot be too large, and that

its investment by persons seeking the largest or safest possible returns will automatically produce the greatest social benefit. However tenable this theory might be in a world of perfect competition, of income distribution in strict accordance with individual productivity, it obviously does not operate well in the existing economic order. Large surpluses develop in numerous places chiefly on account of various degrees of monopoly control or superior bargaining power. Undertakings of high social value, and of great economic utility in the long run, are not sufficiently prosecuted because there is no profit in them, at least for the time being. For long periods some industries are under-equipped, and for long periods other industries are over-equipped, in relation to demand. Too many apartments are built for the rich, too few houses for the poor. In fact, many activities already financed by government, such as schools and roads, or by private endowment, such as universities and hospitals, have been undertaken precisely because an obvious public need cannot be adequately met by profit-seeking enterprise. There is no assurance that we have already corrected as well as we can all such maladjustments, and met all such badly supplied wants.

There is, of course, the popular objection that the slightest surplus of funds in the public treasury leads to "pork-barrel" appropriations in behalf of selfish interests which do not really serve the public. But this leaves out of consideration the question whether surplus funds are any more wisely invested by private enterprise, as well as the probability that if there existed a well calculated policy in respect to investment of public funds, which was generally understood, the log-rollers and favored constituents would not manage to create much havoc even with a rich Treasury. You will never stop misappropriations merely by reducing the amount of money for governments to spend; you can minimize them by setting up really desirable objectives and a demand for their fulfillment.

In an intelligent regulation and use of the surplus—governmental or private—lies our chief hope for adjusting our machinery of production to social need. Upon it depend the future uses of labor and materials, the future provision of utilities. The process of taxation and governmental use of funds has peculiar advantages as an instrument for this purpose. By taxation the government can tap private reservoirs of surplus to which the nation has no other available access. The surplus thus transferred to its guardianship—if a surplus remains after the costs of already going and valuable governmental enterprises are met—can be used either directly or indirectly to finance useful undertakings into which private enterprise does not flow, or which it performs less efficiently than could a public enterprise. Intelligent employment of this instrument is one of the chief opportunities of a beneficent government.

It is sometimes said that the type of argument briefly illustrated above belongs to a school which favors using the taxing power to "redistribute" income and thus to approximate social justice. This, it is said, is an aim in contradistinction to that which thinks of taxation merely as a means of paying governmental expenses, and tries to raise the necessary funds in the most feasible way. We think this distinction is false. What is the "normal" distribution of income which our brand of taxation is supposed to "redistribute?" Any incidence of taxation and any use of the funds which it produces must influence the distribution of income; and so do all private undertakings which involve producing and paying for production. The very existence of government makes for a different distribution of income from that which might exist without it. The effect on distribution of income cannot be escaped under any taxation policy; it can merely be ignored. As between taking account of it and ignoring it, we do not see how any intelligent person who is interested in social welfare can favor the latter course.

We do not argue that the larger the surplus administered by the government, and the more extensive the governmental enterprises, the more socially desirable wealth we shall have. That would be as incautious as the opposite assumption which now prevails. If the government is to be sure of accumulating and using a surplus to better advantage than private enterprise would employ the same resources, it must have the benefit of much more scientific appraisal of the situation than now exists. Where and in what quantities do annual surpluses now arise in private business? How are they used? What is the result of that use on wages, the business cycle, economic waste, social needs of various kinds? In what definite directions may government control of surplus improve the situation? And through what specific instrumentalities should it operate? Answering these questions is part of the responsibility of those who want to see the government adopt a positive and beneficial policy.

Even before they are answered, however, and on the basis of what fragmentary information now exists, we think the chances are heavy that the government could take from private sources much more of the surplus than it now does and use it more fruitfully than do those private individuals or corporations who happen to control it. Paying the war debt as quickly as possible is one method of doing so, to which we have previously adverted in detail. But if the debt were paid, there would be numerous other channels of expenditure which might fruitfully be opened up both by federal and local governments—such as electric power developments, good inexpensive housing, better facilities of distribution, and so on. It is a penurious and improvident policy to cut off without examination the possibility of all such projects merely to reduce taxes as much as possible.

The Breadwinning Woman

FOR woman to work is of course no new phenomenon. Since the Cro-Magnon days and probably longer, she has always done her fair share and frequently more, of whatever was necessary—including a great many things for which, according to the experts of the present generation, women are physically and mentally incapacitated. The difference between the present and all past history is that now for the first time the woman worker stands on her own feet. She is employed in constantly increasing numbers in industrial and professional life as an earner of wages and in competition with men.

This development as is well known is part of a larger social alteration: the disappearance of the home as an economic unit, accompanied, as our moralists are so fond of pointing out, by a corresponding diminution in its spiritual and moral importance. Under the old theory, which is still assumed by most people to fit the facts, the typical family group was supposed to be centred about one breadwinner, the husband and father. It was the duty of the wife in all except the favored upper classes to do the physical work of the home and to share with her husband the moral responsibility for the proper rearing of the children. The latter, if girls, remained pensioners of their parents until they married and began, in homes of their own, to recapitulate the experience of their mothers. The sons were supposed to contribute a reasonable amount of labor during childhood, and by financial contribution to aid in the maintenance of the establishment after they had reached adult years until the time came when they also married.

If this theory ever fitted the facts, it no longer does so. Today 8,500,000 women are gainfully employed in the United States. They constitute one-fifth of all the workers in the country, and both numbers and proportion are steadily increasing. The latter has grown from 14.7 percent in 1880 to 21.1 percent in 1920. Today women are 64.2 percent of all domestic workers, 47.4 percent of professional persons, 45.6 of clerical employes. In a group of four representative but dissimilar cities where the status of 40,000 working women was intensively studied by the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor, women gainfully employed were nearly two-fifths (38 percent) of the total number of females over fourteen years of age.

There is a popular theory that women who work are mostly girls filling in a few years before they marry; but the facts accumulated by the Census Bureau and the Department of Labor leave this theory without even a wooden leg to stand on. It is true that there are 3,500,000 women gainfully employed who are under the age of twenty-five, a large proportion of whom presumably are unmarried; but these constitute only two-fifths of the total number. Of the 8,500,000 nearly two million are married; and the proportion was found to be

much higher in the four cities already referred to, being actually 55 percent (including widows and divorced persons). Of the married women, 53 percent were the mothers of children, and of these 40 percent had one or more who were less than five years old.

There is another popular notion, that married women seek employment only when their husbands lose their positions, fall ill or die. This notion is equally false. Of the married women among 40,000 wage earners, more than two-thirds have wage-earning husbands. Only 27 percent are in homes without a male wage-earner, and only 21 percent are the sole support of a family. Two-thirds of the women who are or have been married work in offices or factories, the remaining third being employed in keeping lodgers or boarders or "taking in washing." Of both groups together, four-fifths maintain a home, and do the housework in addition to everything else. Of those who have wage-earning husbands and are also gainfully employed, nine-tenths do their own housework. They constitute, incidentally, two-thirds of all the working mothers, widows and divorced persons making up the other third. Of the gainfully employed mothers with young children, only about one-fifth have any sort of aid in caring for them.

What do these wage-earning women receive? In ten states intensively studied, the highest wage was found in Rhode Island and was \$16.85 a week. This is not an average, but a median figure; one-half the women received more, and one-half less than this sum. The lowest wage was in Alabama, where the median was \$8.80 a week. The amount received seems to be in almost an inverse ratio to the hours worked. In Rhode Island only 31.8 percent of the women were employed more than 48 hours a week, while in Alabama 87.5 percent were so employed. Throughout the country the proportion of working women is larger among Negroes and the foreign born. It is also apparent that there is a much greater employment of young women in factories and clerical positions, while older ones, among whom a large proportion is likely to be, or to have been, married, seek employment in personal or domestic service.

What do these figures show? They demonstrate that most of our popularly accepted theories about working women are wrong; and they reveal a situation which we think our readers must agree is of a gravely undesirable character. One sometimes hears a cheerful notion expressed that women go into industry, not because of real economic stress, but in order to obtain a somewhat higher standard of living, with more luxuries, than is made possible by the wages of the male breadwinner alone. There may be some cases in which this is true; but the figures cited show that it cannot be typical. Pertinent, even if not conclusive, on this point, is the observation of Gwendolyn S. Hughes, author of the New Republic book, *Mothers in Industry*, that

of a large number of working mothers interviewed, only 10 percent were working because they wanted to. The other 90 percent professed themselves, at any rate, to be driven by sheer necessity. Even more valid is the statistical evidence summarized above. If the wife and mother worked merely to enjoy a higher scale of living, to add luxuries which are not now available, we should hardly find, as we do, that 80 percent of them leave their children uncared for when they go out of the home; nor that nine-tenths of those with a wage-earning husband assume the exhausting burden of both carrying an outside job and doing all their housework.

The plain truth is of course that in so far as the working wife is concerned, the chief reason for entrance into the industrial field is that the wage paid the husband is not sufficient to support his family; and that for the great majority of all other employed women it is likewise economic necessity which forces them into the wage-earning arena. There are, it is true, a large and increasing number of middle-class wives who find themselves idle and bored in the homes of today, in which an ever-growing proportion of the necessary work is being taken over into formal industry, and who seek employment for that reason. Such women, however, are not yet sufficiently numerous to form an important factor.

So far as the major issue is concerned, the principles which ought to be put into effect are fairly clear. Women should have equal pay for equal work—which they do not get at present by a long way. The wages paid to a man who is the head of a family should be large enough to meet his necessities. If a woman is forced to become the breadwinner for a family, her wage should also be adjusted to her needs. Finally, the desirability of mothers' pensions is vividly illustrated by the situation as revealed by the investigations quoted. Moralists, as we have said, are fond of talking about the decay of the home. If the decay exists, it is at least partly due to the fact that, for a large part of the population, the maintenance of the wife and mother in the occupation of home-maker has become a luxury too dear to be within their reach.

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A Reviewer's Confession

AT the end of something less than forty years, I find that I have developed, or hardened into a reviewer of books. Some people call me a critic, but I know better. I might have been a banker, an architect, an editorial writer, a photographer, but instead of that some little twists of fortune and a certain mental knack have conspired to make me one of those who dash off, in half an hour, an hour, three hours at most, an opinion about books which have cost their authors six or twelve months' time, not counting the blood and tears. And what I write can, in turn, be assimilated by my readers in two or three minutes. In other words I am a literary moonshiner, distilling from corn of long and painful growth a little glassful of critical hard liquor meant to be gulped down at a single swallow.

I have reviewed hundreds of books. Long practice has made the mere mechanics of writing about them easy; my technique, if still imperfect, is outwardly fluent and vivacious, and I sound as if I knew what I was talking about. By this time surely I might be expected to have charted the more formidable psychological reefs in this business of having opinions; I ought to know fairly accurately what my feelings are, and I ought to be confident of expressing the greater part of them. But this is far from being the case, though I have managed to conceal it from my readers. As a matter of fact, while I have succeeded in "selling" my opinions to others, I have yet to sell them to myself. I have acute attacks of conscience, I am wise after the event, I switch, I hedge, I am subject to influence, I am credulous, impatient, baffled, insensitive, intolerant, and interminably skating over the thin ice of doubt. Doubts as to the very nature and existence of one's own opinions don't look well in a review, so I suppress them. At times, like an army of ghosts unsatisfied, they rise to suppress me. This is one of those moments. Perhaps they will haunt me less hereafter if I let them speak; perhaps I can even exorcise them by telling, as honestly as I am able, exactly what goes on in a reviewer's head.

Of course I don't really know what goes on inside my own head. "Know thyself" always seemed to me an invitation to explore the darkest of all Africas. What shall I say of my private jungle, my mental Congo with its few small clearings in which the conscious I can move about without getting lost, its few vague trails leading timidly into the interior and back again? At best all I can do is recall the most prominent features of the landscape, or point out occasional mileposts in a process of a thousand secret steps.

Before getting on to the main business of confession, a few remarks should be made as to some of the differences between a critic and a reviewer.

The critic has what is called a "passion for literature," which he sees from the wise, timeless perspective of one familiar with most of it from Menander through Catullus, Cervantes, Montaigne and William Dean Howells down to T. S. Eliot. In other words, he has background, and standards—whatever that may mean—and no prejudices, unless they be the mellow prejudices born of these standards and this background. His open mind is closed only against coloration by the opinions of others, which he never feels tempted to share; his interest, though not easily roused, is with even greater difficulty put to sleep again; he hates bad books just as ardently as he loves good ones, but no more, praise being in his belief not less exciting to express than blame. Personalities do not concern him, since persons are only the changing mouth-pieces of Literature, nor do fashions trouble his judgment. Above all, he has that sense of the past, that equidistance from things modern and ancient which makes the present seem but a link, possibly golden, more likely lead, in an eternal chain.

At bottom, the reviewer is much the same animal as the critic, except that he is hobbled. He might even develop into a critic, if he could be freed from the necessity of paying such an exorbitant amount of attention to his own times. The reviewer, like the critic, makes a living chopping literary wood, but the requirements of the day, the passing away of the solid monthlies before weeklies and newspaper supplements filled with publisher's advertising, force him to chop much oftener and in short kindling lengths. Gone are the days of the long long critical logs, gone are the days of Macaulay and Sainte Beuve and their voluminous, thorough circumnavigations. The reviewer must write about books as they come out, which will soon be every hour on the hour. He is the best reviewer to whom the spring list seems as exciting as everything that happened between the Greek drama and the Romantic movement. He writes better about bad books than about good ones, because good books are less frequent and because bad books give him the greater opportunity to display his talents. He shares with other journalists the knack, which quickly becomes a habit, of faking a lively interest in things that really hardly interest him at all. He has scarcely any standards, and very little background, having read in the main only the authors that he likes. The critic has judgments, comparisons, knowledge, but the reviewer only favorites. Personalities interest him keenly; he knows many of them, and has even had lunch with a few—an honor he is not likely to let his audience forget. Indeed he talks with more gusto about authors than about their books; preferring, to æsthetic discussions, gossip of how Smith's latest has gone into a

sixth printing, of the price paid Brown by the movies, the details of Robinson's desertion from publisher X to publisher Y. The critic in his ivory tower has been replaced by the reviewer in his kennel, barking up the same old trees and licking the same hands that are licked and barked up by all the other book-eating dogs.

From these two portraits, the first idealistic, the second libellous, I wish of course to exclude myself. It is my privilege to do so. It is my right to believe myself different from others of my craft, and not subject to the classifications I so glibly apply to them. I am not a critic—this must be confessed, but I must also point out with pride that I am not exactly a reviewer. Choose for yourself the pigeon-hole that fits me. After summing up the case, pro and con, with the frankest self-dissection possible, I shall leave the final decision to you.

A long time ago people began to tell me that I simply ought to write; more specifically they suspected in me a talent for criticism. This was quite true, and I could have told them so myself. To be sure I can write. I like words, I like the unusual conjunction of them to create unfamiliar meanings. I have an itch for making distinctions which might have drawn me toward the law if the distinctions I like to make were not always so fine. Solid distinctions between the blacks and whites seem obvious and bore me, but the separation of black from not quite so black has been for me an unfailingly exhilarating process. I share most people's dislike for monotony, but my chief joy in the difference between one person and another, between one book and another, has been the joy of pointing the difference out. If the critic should be quick to reach the decimals of judgment, then I have that much toward being a good critic. Beside facility in discovering and handling these fractions, the critic must have good taste. Like everybody else, of course I have good taste. Also like everybody else, my taste is better, usually a great deal better, than other people's. But since my business is to express this taste publicly, many more people think it is good than if I were dumb. Upon this broad base largely reposes my confidence in my own taste. If so many readers did not apparently swallow it without question, I might be inclined to begin to question it at times myself.

I have taste then, and a sharp edge of discrimination, and I can say what I think—always provided that I can find out what it is. However, there are several more qualifications necessary in a critic. I am not so sure that I possess them. For one thing, I have, in the most unsystematic scatter-brained manner, read very little, and of the majority of what I have read there is left only a sort of flavor on the tongue. I have not read, for instance, the Bhagavad Ghita, Homer (except painful fragments of the original), nor Æschylus, nor the Chanson de Roland, nor Plutarch, nor Dante, nor half of Shakespeare, nor Don Quixote, nor Faust,

nor Wuthering Heights, nor Les Misérables, nor the Pickwick Papers, nor Tom Sawyer, nor Arrow-smith, nor Ulysses. My background is merely holes. I have only the most fragmentary sense of the past. Instead, I have a violent sense of the difference between individuals, whether authors or laymen, and therefore all talk about "standards of criticism" puzzles me when it does not bore me to tears. I find bad books on the whole easier and more fun to write about than good ones. If I had to write about Hamlet (which I have seen twice but never read), my chief concern would be not to say something silly, and in this concern my very genuine enthusiasm would be drowned.

The knowledge that a certain book I have not read is generally considered a masterpiece tends to warp my opinion of it and even more to paralyze the putting of that opinion down on paper. I fight against this double perversity: I secretly wish to find the acknowledged masterpiece less good than people say, and at the same time there invades my mind a temptation to think it better than I find it really is. Though I hate to say so, I take more pleasure in trying to blast an overrated reputation than in rescuing from obscurity an author who deserves better of the world than he has received. Yet changing fashions have their claim upon me, too. I am exceedingly vulnerable to the opinion of others, even when I have learned to discount their judgment. Personalities fascinate me. I love to talk, and to hear talk, about authors, their quarrels, royalties, divorces and the town in which they have chosen to revise the proofs of their next book. I know a good many of them, and something about most of them, and I have yet to find a single instance in which the acquaintanceship or the gossip has failed to influence me, for good or evil, when it came to reviewing one of their books.

These are pretty serious defects, and I am duly ashamed of them. I would like to make amends, and if Heaven, or the First National Bank, presented me with a year of leisure, I really think I would spend it reading the classics and trying to forget the faces, sales and *modus vivendi* of all the authors I know. I am ashamed, yet I am also not ashamed. People don't know the full extent of my innocence of the classics. They credit me with a background. They call me a good, sometimes an excellent, occasionally a brilliant critic. I am well paid. I have a certain reputation. In spite of my lack of background and standards, I have my little place in the sun, won on a shoestring to be sure, but won. I have "gotten away with it."

But have I? Because thousands buy certain periodicals where my reviews appear, I assume that they read. Because they read, I assume that they understand, because they say nothing I assume that they agree. How silly. As a matter of fact, the chances are that 10 percent of them don't agree, 10 percent of them don't understand, and that the other 80 percent do not read me at all.

Here is a book, and I am about to review it. I have chosen it, perhaps, by the method of opening a dozen novels lying on the literary editor's table at about page 173. The new binding breaks with a loud crack. Sometimes this predisposes me in favor of the novel, sometimes it does not. If my eye catches such words as "gleesome," "teentsie" or "forceful" I throw the novel back on to the pile. If my eye remains unoffended for two or three pages, I take the novel home and read it. If the author's name is quite unknown to me, I decide his novel is not likely to be much good. If I recognize the name, I am quick to associate it with some previous second-rate performance which I have read, but more often only heard about. In the realm of science, this process is known as taking a fair sample. My judgment, based on a bird's eye view of page 173, that most of these novels are not worth bothering about, is not less accurate than if I were to read them all through, for of the 3,000 novels published every year, nine out of ten are necessarily junk. I am confident, though I could not put my hand on them, that statistics exist to prove as much.

Here I am at home in an armchair, reading this novel. At the very start, the dedication strikes me as foolish. The prejudice that a foolish dedication means a silly author and a mediocre book is not easily uprooted from the mind.—Now I have read ten pages. I am almost ready to forecast the rest of the book. It is going to be immature, good-hearted, unbearably whimsical and quite easy to read. Why, you may ask, why cannot I suspend judgment? Because my critical sense is too keenly developed to suffer indolence; I cannot, even by the severest effort of will, chain it up when it smells its quarry on the wind.—Now I am half way through. I am rather enjoying myself; more, I suspect, than is justified. This novel is a curious mixture of limpid idiocy and something solid which I cannot grasp. As I go along, I make a note of several asinine passages which may later be quoted against the author. "Limpid idiocy"—not bad. I note it also for future use.—Now I am through. Lord knows what it's all about, and whether I like it or not. It's late, so I go to bed.

The next morning I sit down to write the review. My impressions are at once quite definite and extremely vague. The after-taste of the novel as I roll it on my tongue is as definite as any physical taste, but just as impossible to put into words. While I light a cigarette and sharpen six or seven pencils, I realize that I have nothing to say, and that there is so far only that one phrase, scribbled at the back of the book, to hang my review on. "Limpid idiocy." An unusual, an arresting expression, yet what does it mean? Does it really mean much of anything? I have my doubts, but if I manage to get it in, perhaps it will mean something after all. It cannot stand too conspicuously alone—some playmates must be found for it. I call upon

my friends the adjectives, many of whom have done veteran service in similar emergencies. Here they come—"convincing" and "unconvincing," "plausible" and "unreal," "readable," "remarkable," "reminiscent," "synthetic," "specious," "scanty," "poignant," "ponderous" and "poor."

And now for the verbs which act as policemen, making the adjectives move along, preventing them from forming little groups of two or three. The review is nearing the point where it can be written. So near, and yet so far. If I were honest, and wrote out only what was in my head, it would run like this: "I really haven't the least idea whether the novel pleases me more than it displeases me, or vice versa. It is sort of solid, and kind of feeble at the same time. It is sloppy, earnest, kindly and didactic. It is also a lot of other things I cannot name, though I feel their quality keenly. I did not mind reading it, but I am sorry it was ever written. And now what the devil am I going to say about it?" What I do finally manage to say, after a laborious hour in which are reluctantly harnessed all my talents for solving Chinese puzzles, for self-excavation, making word associations and scraping the plate, is in part as follows: "Mr. Smith's Pilgrimage of Thelma is a clear case of solid human qualities ill served by literary skill. He presents, rather bleatingly, a story of spiritual victory that would be touching were it not marred by a ponderous style and characters whose limpid idiocy is reminiscent of Hall Caine at his specious worst. Credit should be given Mr. Smith for his heart, which is gold, but not for his pen, which is of baser metal even at the very tip."

And so the review is written, and printed, and circulated, and perhaps it catches the eye of Mr. Smith, who thinks it quite unfair, thought not for the correct reasons. It may be that Mr. Smith's discomfort reaches my ears. I am simultaneously cast down at having hurt him, and secretly tickled that my words should have got under his skin. I am ashamed of my desire to get under people's skins, but I find it very hard to resist, since, like most mortals, I love attention, and this is one of the surest means of gaining it. If I were honest, I would write to Mr. Smith, and tell him that I didn't mean what I said, that in fact I wasn't sure I meant anything, that his novel pleased me for reasons hard to express, and annoyed me for other reasons so much easier to express that I expressed them, and them alone.

I might further confess to Mr. Smith that I have never worked out in my mind the proper relationship between author and reviewer. From one point of view, the relation is that of host and parasite. I am a flea, living on the author's blood, and biting him in order to get it. Mr. Smith, by now somewhat mollified, might reply that I had an important function to perform, that without critics and reviewers the public taste would roam at will, browsing knee deep and shepherdless in worthless pas-

tures. The critic, he would point out, must guide the public taste. He is lucky, say I from experience, if he can guide his own.

The failure to size up a book clearly, the inability to express definitely the vague things I feel about it, accounts in large measure for the acerbity I so often find, too late, in what I write. I am not really grudging and ill-natured—on the contrary—and I am not venomous. As I look back, my attacks of spleen were severest when I was least sure of my ground; when, in order to avoid writing something as flat as my inner thoughts, I called out my reserves of sharps. But I have been unduly sharp, too, when my opinion was extremely clear. The ground shared by praise and blame is not level. To pick one's way judiciously between the two is not unlike walking the ridge of a steep roof. Since rigorous fairness results in an ungainly straddle, readability requires that I select one slope or the other, and the slope of blame is steeper, therefore more amusing to slide down.

I am always sliding down slopes of one kind or another, I try to avoid them; I would like to break up my habits if I could. But I am not so sure that there is much else in my mind beside habits. Language, for instance, is largely a matter of association. One word calls out another from the cold storage house of memory, and so on in an endless chain. I hate rubber stamps, and I am not guilty of many, verbally at least. But mentally I find myself continually retracing old steps, falling into old grooves. The only thing that saves me is that I am

so easily bored, which forces me to change from one groove to another frequently. Some habits I can never give up: excess of adjectives over verbs, for instance, the constant insertion of "perhaps," the use, in nearly every review, of the word "reality," which means so much to me that I never have bothered to analyze exactly what it might mean to others.

I shall go on reviewing, though I suspect I am not fitted for it, because I know I am more fitted for it than most of the other reviewers, and because the rewards are the kind of rewards I like. Not financial, though money does count a good deal. The sweetest reward is to be flattered, even when the flattery is silly, to be complimented on that "lovely" or "significant" review even when I thought poorly of it myself. I shall go on trying vainly to make my external words square with that internal feeling about a book which forever defies words. I shall go on saying what my opinion is even when I haven't any, because any fool can have an opinion and I am no fool. I shall go on struggling against the shadows cast across my own opinion by the opinion of others. I shall go on suffering attacks of conscience after the review is printed. I shall go on spinning out of mental chaos and irresolution nuggets of clarity and certitude.

I don't know very much about Literature, but—no, I don't even know what I like.

(This is the first of a series of articles. A second will appear in the near future.)

How Long Prosperity?

I JANUARY has been as usual the month of predictions from high and low on the outlook for business, and as usual nearly all the predictions are optimistic. Not all have the unfailing cheer of Judge Gary, who believes so heartily in the Steel Corporation and the President and higher prices that he might be the leading juvenile in Sunny, but it would take a determined search in the sheaf of prophecies to find many which are not bright on the whole.

There are reasons for this beyond the usual progeny of thoughts to which the ever-present wish for greater profits is father. The common view of the business cycle is still patterned on the experience of 1919-1921. Though varying explanations of that flight and fall are current, nearly all agree on the symptoms which indicated danger. During the boom credit was inflated, prices rose rapidly, farmers speculating on a continued rise grew large crops, business men placed heavy advance orders, stocks on hand rose to dangerous proportions. Then came the collapse of demand for wheat exports, the restriction of credit, and the general toppling of

the boom structure. Now these symptoms seem to be absent. There have been, to be sure, rapid extensions of credit to finance speculation on the stock market and in real estate, but speculation does not seem to have extended to farming or industrial production. Though industry has been using a good deal of credit and has been producing in large volume, there is no rise in the general price level such as would indicate speculative inflation of commodity prices. The price increases which have been marked are in commodities like rubber or wheat where special market conditions are responsible. There is, apparently, ample credit still available for legitimate business at moderate interest rates. And there is no visible accumulation of dangerously large stocks on hand, whether by farmers, manufacturers or dealers. Statistics of trade, wholesale and retail, indicate that products are moving into the hands of consumers about as fast as they are being made. Therefore it is easy to conclude that all is well, and that with proper caution against future inflation we are safe against hard times.

But it is a peculiar characteristic of industrial storms that they often blow up from quarters where

they are least expected. There are now factors not usually accounted for in the prevailing analysis, which really threaten trouble. These factors are difficult to measure with any precision, and economics is still so inexact a science that only the foolhardy venture to predict, but the reader may judge for himself how much power of destruction there is in the storm clouds which are hovering.

II

First it is necessary to point out an anomaly in the present situation. Though manufacturing industries have been turning out more goods than ever before, their wage-earners have not been able to buy as many goods as in periods of smaller production. It is important to remember throughout this discussion, by the way, that when we talk of output or production we do not mean value of goods produced but the actual amount in tons, square yards or other units. Manufacturing output in 1925 reached the highest point in history—about 30 percent higher than in 1919 or 1920, 5 percent higher even than the previous peak in 1923. Yet if we compare the average money earnings of the man or woman at work in factories with changes in the cost of living, we see that although average real earnings or purchasing power is definitely higher than in 1920—about 13 percent—it has not increased even half as much as production. And we see that the average purchasing power is no higher than in 1923. Furthermore, there are not so many people at work in factories as in 1919 or 1920, or even in 1923. So that when you combine the average real earnings with the volume of employment—in other words, when you inspect the purchasing power of the total factory payroll—you find that it is measurably less than in 1923, when not so many goods were being produced.

Now it does not take a learned economist to tell us that if goods produced for sale cannot be sold we are in danger of what is sometimes called "over-production," leading to depression. That is why we ought to sit up and take notice when we find a simultaneous increase in factory output and decrease in the purchasing power of factory wage-earners, who make up almost one-third of the gainfully employed population. The trouble is not merely that for a particular year production has been rising and purchasing power falling; more important than that, there are continuing forces which are likely to carry the same trends further. The fact that fewer workers produced more goods gives testimony to a rapidly improving technical art—better machinery, better management, elimination of the less efficient—which did not stop short on January 1, 1926. And the fact that it takes fewer workers to produce more goods relieves the labor market of any strain, so that the demand for labor is, on the whole, less urgent than the demand for jobs. Under these conditions money wages are not likely to rise. They might do so if the workers in

all important industries were strongly organized and could take advantage of the prevailing prosperity, but unfortunately that is not the case.

Another development that could equate purchasing power with product would be a falling price level, which might at the same time provide the single consumer with greater purchasing power, and by enlarging effective demand increase employment. There is a traditional theory which points out that, in the long run, competition in a market which tends to be oversupplied will force prices down toward the new and lower level of production costs—which have been reduced on account of better productivity. Well, perhaps it will, *in the long run*, but industrial depressions are an affair of the short run, and even in highly competitive markets there is some force of psychology or industrial habit which tends to keep prices up in a period of business activity, or at least to prevent them from falling as rapidly as production costs. What we actually find, as a rule, is not that prices gradually slip down hill, but that they fall—when they do so—by fits and starts, and it is just these fits and starts that mark depressions.

III

How is it, then, that we have not already had a slump? Somebody must have been buying the additional products, if factory wage-earners have not. (Even if the purchasing power of factory employes had increased as rapidly as output we should have to have increased purchasing power for other classes of consumers also, since of course the wage-earners never consume all the factories turn out.) And if others have been absorbing the growing output of industry, why can they not continue to do so? It is there that the crucial point of our thesis comes. An examination of the other factors in the market reveals the immediate danger.

First we may consider other classes of retail consumers. The biggest of these is the farmers. The farmers do have a larger aggregate income than in 1923, but a smaller one than in 1924, and there is no sign of steadily growing prosperity for them. Wage-earners in transportation industries are no better off than in 1923; miners' wages have, on the average, been reduced. Real earnings of the clerical workers are little if any higher than two years ago, and are, moreover, no higher than a decade ago, according to Professor Paul Douglas of the University of Chicago. The same may be said of public employes, with the exception of teachers. On the whole, the numbers of these classes cannot have expanded much. Farmers are not increasing as fast as the population; there are considerably fewer employed railroad men and miners than in 1923. There may be more clerical workers and public employes, but not enough more to take up much slack.

There are signs that an increasing proportion of income goes to those engaged in sales promotion of

all kinds. But if we eliminate the wage-earners and clerical employes incidental to salesmanship—who have already been accounted for—we can hardly depend on the expansion of salaried salesmen and advertising men alone to absorb all of a steadily increasing national product.

Profits, dividends, interest, capital gains by speculative operations—these kinds of income have of course increased. But their effect on retail consumption must be limited, because the bulk of them go to a relatively small number of the higher income groups. When your income jumps from \$100,000 to \$150,000, or even from \$20,000 to \$30,000, you do not buy much larger quantities of ordinary food, clothing, or of anything except luxuries which are not made in large quantities anyway. Moreover, there are not, comparatively speaking, many persons with these incomes. So prosperity for the rich does not greatly increase retail demand in the aggregate.

A considerable fraction of our production consists in what are called producers' goods, not intended to be sold at retail. Part of these are raw or semi-manufactured materials which eventually are fabricated into consumers' goods, part are things used up in the manufacturing process such as fuel and lubricating oil, part are actual productive equipment such as factories and machinery, rails, ties and locomotives. Of course it is possible to store up such things in large quantities for a while without any increase in retail demand. But common sense tells us that since they all lead directly or indirectly to larger productive capacity for consumers' goods and services, a diversion of more and more effort to making them can only aggravate any existing surplus of productive capacity in relation to the demands of ultimate consumers. There is no permanent escape from the dilemma in this direction.

IV

There are three important factors in demand which we have not yet considered. The first is the building construction industry, concerning which we do not have adequate current statistics of employment or production, but which is about the most important single industry in the country outside of railroads in respect of men employed, materials used and value of product. This has been booming for several years; its output was about as large in the first ten months of 1925 as in 1924, the best previous year. Building wages and employment have been high, the demands of building contractors on primary producers have been unusually heavy. It is quite possible that every time the tendency toward a business slump elsewhere has become threatening, as during the uncertainty of the spring and summer of 1924 or the early spring of 1925, the unusual activity of building has contributed much in taking up the slack.

The second factor is foreign trade. While we

have been accumulating profits and savings at a rapid rate, these have not all been invested in this country—we exported considerably over a billion dollars of capital and credit in 1925. This led, of course, to foreign demand for goods in our markets, especially for producers' goods (a net export of capital can be made eventually only in the form of gold or goods). Our total merchandise exports were about \$4,909,000,000 in 1925, \$318,000,000 larger than in 1924 and \$741,000,000 larger than in 1923. Our export surplus of goods was about \$685,000,000.

Third, the immediate purchasing power of domestic consumers has been stimulated—no one knows how much—by the increasing practice of offering time payment plans for many kinds of articles, which are financed out of our general credit reservoirs.

These three have been by far the most important identifiable sources of expanding demand. And it is probable that no one of the three can keep on expanding. In fact, they are all likely to shrink in the near future. We are informed by such shrewd experts as Mr. Walter Stabler, Controller of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, that high class apartments and business buildings—which have been chiefly responsible for the building boom—are now considerably in excess of the demand in almost all cities. We cannot keep on loaning huge sums to European borrowers indefinitely, and when we cease doing so we are not only likely to lose our export surplus, but what is more important, the total volume of exports is likely to fall off, at least for a time. And there will come a day when the credit to retail consumers in this country cannot be further expanded—and that day will signalize the beginning of a period in which, while paying for goods already produced and purchased, they must restrict new purchases—if, indeed, they have not so over-reached themselves that they will not be able to pay for some of the goods already bought. The latter eventuality will be more likely if unemployment should set in from any other cause.

For this reason it will be important during the coming year to watch carefully the trend of building contracts awarded, of foreign loans, and of retail trade, all of which are roughly measured in monthly statistical series. If a falling off in any or all of these three factors should materially reduce market demand for important products, the reverberations might easily be felt throughout industry, and a period would arrive in which unemployment and slack production would be marked. That period might be ended either by some unforeseen outside influence on demand, or by a readjustment of prices to the new economic situation such that the consumers' dollars would cover the enlarged product which industry is capable of turning out.

GEORGE SOULE.

Blue Notes*

THE blues are one of the most interesting and significant examples of Negro folksong, but they wouldn't stay put. They broke through into American popular music; became confused with almost every related type; their origin forgotten, they have generally been passed over by collectors and students.

Say that A was conducting a kitchen courtship of Miss B, who was cool, unsympathetic, and sparing of family eatables. As he sat, disconsolate, on the back of his neck, self-pity might call a thought into his head which would forthwith emerge, *thrice* repeated, as a quavering and diffident bit of song:

Got no more home than a dawg.

Attention being obtained, and warming to his idea, there would come a second stanza:

Ain't got a frien' in this worl'.

He might expect desirable results if he could keep this up indefinitely—and he could. It might, therefore, seem well to try it again elsewhere, with improvements; the song might be adopted and further elaborated by others.

In their developed condition the blues would still retain an intensely *personal* flavor, and the three-line stanza. But the first line, now, would probably voice some grief, longing, or unhopeful "if"; the second either repeat or reinforce the first; while the third would state a *causa doloris*, some collateral conclusion, or the course which would be taken should the "if" come true:

Goin' to lay my head right on the railroad track,
(repeat)
'Cause my baby, she won't take me back.

Goin' to lay my head right on the railroad track,
(repeat)
If the train come 'long, I'm goin' to pull it back.

If the river was whisky, and I was a mallard (I said
a mallard—I mean a duck)
If the river was whisky, and I was a mallard duck—
I'd dive right down, and I'd never come up.

Improvisations in this form and spirit, with the peculiar melodies associated with them, had lacked a distinguishing name, but shortly before 1910 they had acquired the title "blues" from persons unknown, and the term was in use from Kentucky down by that date. The essence of most is found in the traditional common-property line:

Got the blues, but too dam' mean to cry.

* The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. W. C. Handy for much historical information included in this article.

No one sentence can sum up more completely than this, the philosophy between the lines of most of these little verses. Yet in them the forgotten singers did not always amuse themselves with their troubles; nearer universal was the element of pure *self*: one sang of one's own feelings, thoughts and interests, and if the subject was generally painful, that was the result, not of convention, but of racial history. This personal and philosophical tinge distinguishes the blues from such three-line ballads as Frankie and Johnny, leaving them a secular counterpart of the spirituals.

The structural peculiarities of the music parallel those of the stanza. As the latter had one less than the four lines normal to simple verse, so the voice would sing (in two-four or common time) four less than the normal sixteen bars to the strain—each line of the stanza being confined to four bars of music. As each line was more or less of a complete thought, so the air with the last syllable of each line would return to and rest on the keynote or another element of the tonic triad, so that the whole presented a period of three almost independent phrases, with successive bizarre effects of internal finality and of final incompleteness. The line, relatively, was very short, its last syllable usually falling on the first beat of the third bar of its musical phrase, thus leaving a long interim to be filled in somehow; perhaps with a hummed echo; perhaps with vocal or instrumental vagaries which later came to be called "the jazz." Meanwhile, in the mind of the improviser, the next line could be going through its period of gestation.

Unwritten, unharmonized melodies, yet if the singer wished to accompany himself, he could do so with just three chords: the common chords of the dominant and subdominant and the chord of the dominant seventh. The melody would be a four-bar phrase favoring a syncopated jugglery of a very few notes; the second phrase would vary somewhat the first, suggesting to the musical ear an excursion into the subdominant; the third would give a final version. Play between the keynote and its third was particularly frequent, and the tonic third characteristically coincided with the antepenultimate syllable of the line. And in these as in other Negro songs, the singer was apt, in dealing with this particular note, to slur from flat to natural or vice versa in such a way as to furrow the brow of anyone who might attempt to set the tune down on paper. In singing to the banjo—a cheerful instrument—the slur might be expected; if the guitar was in use, the minor would be even more prominent; the melody therefore might seem, like Krazy Kat, uncertain as to its own sex.

The trickle of the blues into the national consciousness was started by W. C. Handy (an Alabama Negro then living in Memphis and now his own publisher), the first of his race not only familiar with these weirds, but able and willing (racial reticence is peculiarly involved here) to set them

'down and write more in the tradition. Although, the title "blues" being commercially valuable, even with him it is not always an index to what follows, he has preserved some of the original examples in a very pure form, while some entirely his own, such as Beale Street, Saint Louis, Aunt Hagar's Children, meet every test of the folk-product except anonymity of authorship.

In writing down this music he chose to represent the primitive treatment of the tonic third, in some cases by the minor, simple, sometimes by introducing the minor third as a grace-note to the major, or vice versa. The grin of the singers had been sardonic; the songs were as melancholy as their name would imply, but sadness in Negro music is no more dependent upon the minor than is the color of the sea upon pigment, and the blue airs demanded the prevailing major. Handy's minor third, therefore, appeared as signifying a temporary change of mode, and it caught attention as none of the structural features (more important because indispensable) did. It acquired a name of its own: "the blue note." The more blue notes, the "meaner" the blues. And its occasional use, especially when immediately preceding a cadence, furnishes most white writers with their only excuse (from the historical standpoint) for having ever used the title "The . . . Blues." There are not enough pedants, however, to preserve the integrity of the word at this late date.

To Handy is also to be credited the introduction, in the accompanying bass of some blues, of the Habanera or tango rhythm (a dotted quarter, an eighth and two quarter-notes), with a success explainable on the well supported theory that this rhythm—the native word is tangana—is of African origin. He also wrote in strange figures for the long line-end holds (lineal descendants of the echoing wails in the originals), which soon came to emerge through the mouths of saxophones or the crowns of derby hats as the jazz we know. The relative shortness of a line of the blues had much to do with the birth and development of the most-discussed phenomenon of our present régime.

The blues are at their best as dance-music, but the orchestral treatment usually accorded them is a jazzing so continuous and indiscriminate that the melody is buried beneath the cowbells, rattlers and miscellaneous screeching machines. This is unfortunate because in many blues there is not only strangeness, but beauty, dependent only on a competent rendition. It may be a softly wistful beauty, or it may be the beauty of a savage and bitter power; this where it is jazzed, but properly, and without obliteration of its line. Some music (to be dogmatic) can be "properly" jazzed; some should be; many blues should be. Between those slow beats of the tympani, in those long holds, is room for such a syncopated gnashing of teeth, such cries of pain and passion, as might attend the ceremonial mock-marriage of two fiends — and while

this brutal and aphrodisiac orchestral development of the simple tunes is recent, the germ was latent in the originals. The contempt rightly visited upon a ham conductor's gratuitous jazzing of some æmic steal from the Narcissus of Ethelbert Nevin, is not a sign of intelligence when applied to a jungle treatment of laments of the jungle's grandchildren. The latter may merely be liked or disliked, and the writer peaceably begs leave to like it.

ABBE NILES.

The Angel-Sons

We will have angels and men for sons,
For I have gone out to you
Wearing the wings of desire,
In the rain, in the storm, in the dew.

Strong men, stronger than you or me,
Strong angels, stronger than any we see,
Singing of love round the poppy-bed,
For they have soft eyes, and they weary of waiting
For our souls to reach the ultimate mating,
Weary of waiting, worn with waiting
Till half of their glory is dead.

My soul has gone out on their poppy-song,
Wearing such wings of desire
That our Angel sons will have strength to the uttermost,
Beauty and dreaming power to the uttermost,
Veins filled with snow and uttermost fire,
Snow from the top of the great Sun Mountain,
Fire from these flowers of desire!

They will rule our sons who merely men,
Enforcing our will on the earth again.

Beginning, beginning at great Sun Mountain,
They will make over the land,
They will make over the age,
Granite each angel-house,
Crimson each written page.

They will rule our sons who are merely men,
Earth sons with this elder brother start!
Born from beneath your earthly heart!
Born from your lily side,
Strong, with the sternest eyes,
These earthly sons with weapons from heaven,
Will conquer the land and its pride.

Dear girl, when these wild years die,
When other lovers go by,
Playing Sun Mountain games,
With faith that their love will also save
Their pride-of-love from destruction's breath,
Their sun-born stock from uttermost death,
And their earth-born stock from uttermost death,
These lovers will say our names;
And, climbing Sun Mountain high,
Will stop where our bodies lie,
And leave, as the sign of faith,
A poppy upon your grave,
Yes, a mountain poppy upon my grave!

VACHEL LINDSAY.

Mates and Sublimates

L—— is of medium height, with brown hair thin in front above a high, convincing forehead. His nose is prominent and clear; his face dark and mobile, not unlike the portraits of Edwin Booth, where the mind burns, the moods loom. He was born with a genuine talent for writing; and, by reason of that, perhaps, did not write till he was in his late teens, having no temptation to say nothing merely for the sake of being a writer. Unfortunately, however, just at the time when L——'s writing began to find itself, he had to begin making a living. He became an assistant in a university, one of the young professors of literature who combine teaching with trying to write, until they either are exploded out of one or the other, or else get the dry rot in both. His talent gave him a passion for words; his college lecturing gave him a stream of comment, his desire to impart knowledge gave him serious purpose, ominous lecture qualities. In the course of time and with the flattening down of the college mind since the War, L—— decided to abandon teaching in favor of writing. The same resolution led him to begin more lecturing than his usual five or six occasions a year, mostly to women's clubs. Thus L—— comes to be settled in New York. And the same element within him that once shifted him from a writer to a professor has now led him to lecturing instead of writing. He has taken an agent and is booked up for the season like a concert singer.

Now and then L—— lectures to a forum, to which the women bring their sons and husbands, making culture a public utility. Otherwise it is always to clubs of women. His poetry brings him closer to the inexhaustible stream of our life, and feeds in him the creative principle, gives him a reality for pain and beauty and for what is personal and eternal rather than social. Through this insight he understands better the nature and minds of women. Through this you cannot despise him for his success with female audiences. And for that matter his lectures are not as foolish and barren as those at men's conventions, those hearty orations delivered to progressive fatuity. L——'s lectures are not so paupered of ideas; and they at least deal with fine subjects instead of mere empty words beginning with a capital letter, Service or Progress or Getting Together. And yet it must be said that L—— has developed a special style.

L——'s style, or method of discourse, is such as women might respond to deeply or glibly or con amore, according to the woman. There is in it always beauty and the generative completeness of beauty, and women respond to that. His mind thinks of all things with beauty as a background and destiny. The biting literalness of his poetic brain gives him a common sense like that of women; he meets a response in that kind of poultry-yard practicality of the feminine mind, that faculty of working so ardently for what it wants out of life, that instinct for facts that run deep into our human natures. And L—— responds to women. They liberate him. Women do not attract him so much as they represent life for him. To him they are in a way the world's worst failure, not cynically, but in the sense that life is a failure. To him women are tragic, since they represent the tragic course and pro-

gress of nature. His attitude toward his audiences is not condescending and wheedling; what he gives them is at least bona fide. He may or may not have some phenomenal understanding of women, but evidently he expresses something that they want expressed; his lectures are a great success, and on more or less dignified grounds as lectures go.

But you cannot lecture innumerable lectures without settling into molds. Despite his good intentions L—— has by now something like fixed patterns of method and appeal, though we may say charitably that, if he drops rather comfortably into these shapes, we can hardly blame him, since nature has often the same habit with her energy and dust—as in the rose, the wave, the bank of cloud. Doubtless, too, with repetition L——'s ecstasy grows easier for him. And he finds that the forms of thought may relax a little, not too much edge is wanted always. But on the whole his approach to his subject is chaste and austere, engagingly abstract and warm. His style may be called the hot-monastic.

But every phenomenon whatsoever has some relation to its environment, and there is no subject of L——'s, however high, that can shield him from his place in American life. He impinges on a national institution, the lecturer.

I sit at one of L——'s lectures, by invitation of the hostess president, a friend of mine; I listen to L—— and observe his audience. They are of all ages, few of them willingly old. Some are passed into white hair, but reduced and turbaned and blossomed up until they fall pleasantly into the average thirties. All the ladies look to be doing the same thing. But when I regard them more closely I can see their variations. Some are vacant, idle, driving hard to pass the time. Some have charm and chic and a chic desire for improvement. Some are plainly fine, clear spirits, interested in ideas, anxious to have American life intelligent and promising. Some are younger married women, married two or three years, with the early gusts of passion and romance now spent and the first baby launched on his hygienic career, and with the tinge of college conscience fresh upon them still; it drives them to this effort to do what they call keeping in touch with ideas. And, finally, there are many of these lectured ladies who mean to have the best culture quite as they mean to have the best plumbing; they like to have culture run over them as the hot water does, without much effort.

Then I think of the husband in this case. You see a whole page of him sometimes in the newspaper, a convention photograph of some lodge or other or brave Rotarians got together. They are faces in the main executive and blank. The chief expression is of a sort of energy suddenly halted before the camera and squared with its vacuity. They are faces honest of at least any subtle rascality; simple, not so much coarse as thick-skinned and tight-nerved. They all mean to be successful and only a shortage in supplies need prevent their being. They are good, fine fellows, who give their wives motion, comfort, spending-money and local pride. When they come home from business in the evening they bring the papers, and after dinner take their wives out somewhere or read the papers at home. It is hard at the moment to remember how any one of these husbands looks, but easy to remem-

ber how they all look, how untroubled they are by ideas that men have died for.

They are not in love with L——, the ladies of his audiences. In love with their husbands, or with someone else if need be, they are, but not with L——. His hour is otherwise; he is mass and matinée only, only the faun's afternoon. In him these wives can sublimate. They may not, like Plato's Lycurgus, prefer to any earthly progeny the children of their souls. But they cannot live by bread, hot water, conjugality and gasoline alone. L—— visits them as the culture bridegroom. Over the country far and wide, over the track of his lectures, L—— goes like a deity in a Tiepolo ceiling, trailing a polygamy of nymphs.

STARK YOUNG.

Mussolini, Haussmann and Company

ROME, 1931. Make your reservations now. For the Duke has spoken. In five years Imperial Rome must be restored. Signor Cremonesi must roll up his black shirt sleeves and seize pick and shovel. A wide avenue must open between the Piazza Colonna and the Pantheon. Thousands of monuments must stand forth in heroic, Benitoic, solitary grandeur. The barnacles of all these wasted centuries must be hewn away. A new Rome must rise in Saturnian rings around the seven-hilled city and along the sacred river all the way to Ostia. No trams in the old city, best there are in the new. One doesn't mention money on such occasions, but doubtless in due time we shall be reading typographically impressive announcements on the financial page and editors will commend the loan on grounds of art, humanity and sentiment.

Lovers of Rome shudder, thinking of past unsheathings of the crowbar in Rome, and of past official plans. But the present danger is at least less serious than one that threatened Rome fifty years ago, when civic art knew no defensive tactic. That prodigious human steam shovel, Baron Haussmann, being interrupted in his work of digging highways for cabs and cannonballs through the "dédale" of eastern Paris, secured a diplomatic passport and went to Italy. At Florence a great financier asked him to head a company being formed "pour transformer Rome à l'instar de Paris." Haussmann thought it a great compliment to be invited to join these forward-looking gentlemen. He declined, but he promised "to indicate on a map of the Eternal City the proper lines to be cut across the network of narrow, tortuous streets that covered its tormented soil."

Rome was sacked in 1527, but she should forget that calamity in giving thanks that she escaped Baron Haussmann in 1873. That gentleman ("that overgrown wild beast" was his minister of the interior's delicately appreciative description) is rarely mentioned, nowadays, by European city planners, but his myth is still held sacred by what may be called the American chamber of commerce school of civic art. Wacker's Manual of the Plan of Chicago, written to prepare the Chicago young for their future Haussmannizing, calls him "the greatest city builder of all time"—which by tonnage measurement is doubtless true.

The fundamental reasons back of the transformation of

Paris are conveniently ignored by this type of city planner, because the need for public acceptance of his plans quite naturally fills his fountain pen with propaganda. Some of Louis Napoleon's thoughts were philanthropic, but not all. He wrote a history of artillery and was a student of strategy. He knew that in Paris his throne was a cannon. He knew that straight streets favor artillery, that crooked lanes favor pistols and sabres. He knew that asphalt is pleasanter to drive on than cobblestones, and not so likely to be thrown at the sergots. Napoleon personally planned the first of the three groups of streets and had it well started before Haussmann was called up from Bordeaux. There was no question in Haussmann's mind that the caserne on the present Place de la République and the three streets radiating from it were intended, as he says in his memoirs, "to slash the belly of Old Paris, the quarter of riots and barricades." The wide streets gave light and air to the fronts of the new houses, but they took it from the backs of the old. The area built on was increased and the "abundance of water" came mostly from yard hydrants.

Airplanes and gas bombs have robbed city planning of its military value, but il Capo del Governo may have learned other lessons from Napoleon III and Haussmann. Transforming cities makes work. The riots of 1848 and the failure of the national workshops were at least the god-parents of the Rue de Turbigo. "If they want work," said the head of the Liberal Empire, "let them break down their barricades and build casernes and churches." At the beginning most of the money came from the peasants of France, to whom, Haussmann says, the tranquillity of Paris is of first importance. Later the city's share increased and the octroi was raised, but full breadbaskets don't grumble. More and more money was needed; the wily Haussmann always found a way. Minister Ollivier is a better source here than is Haussmann. He tells how the prefect of the Seine piled irregularity on irregularity, overdrawing every authorization, draining every available treasury. One of his clever devices was this: He would give a builder a contract to make a new street, houses and all, to be paid for in eight annuities. But the city had no money to buy the land and the contractor could not condemn it. So the contractor deposited with the city the estimated cost of the land. Then Haussmann's land jury condemned the property and he paid for it out of the deposits. One imagines that under this arrangement there was not too much haggling over the contractor's price.

And Haussmann invented what was pleasantly called a veiled loan. He gave the contractors the right to issue "bons de délégation," virtually drafts on the city. The city endorsed them, the contractors cashed them at the Crédit foncier, and the bank reimbursed itself by issuing "communal obligations" covered by the endorsed drafts. This operation made the city the bank's actual debtor, and not the contractor. Thus the city gave no money to the contractor and the Crédit foncier lent no money to the city, which would have been contrary to a law that required parliamentary approval of communal loans. A rather thin veil, Ollivier thought. "But time pressed and the Emperor approved."

The Chicago manual draws these proceedings into the

American perspective. "The people supported the men advancing the improvements because they believed that an improved city meant greater wealth for its people. This theory has been proven correct, as people from all parts of the world visit Paris in great numbers each year, and there spend large sums among the merchants and tradespeople." Yes, the people were very demonstrative along about 1871, and the bankers and contractors managed somehow to buy houses in the Etoile section without waiting for money to be brought from all parts of the world.

What uses Mussolini will make of the political possibilities of a great construction campaign, and whether he will solve the financial problems à l'instar de Haussmann, remains to be seen or surmised. That some part of his program will be carried through is sure, for the freeing of monuments has been going on slowly for several years. The little round temple of Vesta, for instance, the church of St. Mary the Egyptian, has been cut out of the hospice that concealed it. Mussolini, too, is good at finding a way. Perhaps the black-shirts will do the tearing-down just for fun, trade oil of Ricinus for materials, and make the Masons do the rebuilding. But more likely we shall see the dignified announcements, after Mr. Morgan has listened sympathetically to a long story about classical archæology (in which he is known to be interested) and seven percent.

ELBERT PEETS.

Washington Notes

FOR a few days last week it certainly did look as if the Senate Democrats were about to show both guts and brains in this matter of the tax bill—two qualities which have been conspicuously lacking in their party for a good long time. I was almost on the point of throwing up my hat and calling for three ringing cheers for good old Furnifold McLendel Simmons. Of course I should have known better, but the genial old gentleman talked in private so ferociously about the iniquities and inequalities of the Mellon-Coolidge tax program and so heatedly of his determination to present a bill of his own, and of the inherent and inalienable right of the opposing party to oppose that I confess to being completely fooled. My deception was rendered the easier by the bitter indignation—likewise privately expressed—toward Senator Simmons of the small group of Democratic Senators who want to out-Mellon Mellon and cut the tax on the eighty-six gentlemen who pay on incomes of more than a million dollars annually even lower than is proposed by the benevolent Secretary of the Treasury or advocated by the worshipful organs of public opinion dedicated to his support.

All of these organs, when it was suggested that Senator Simmons intended to make a fight against the Mellon proposals, came down on the North Carolina Senator like a ton of bricks. They whooped and howled, derided and denounced. Some of them—notably the Curtis publications and the New York Herald-Tribune—practically went into fits of hysterical rage. Some of the richer of the Democratic papers joined in the uproar and it did look as if they were not only mad but scared. There seemed an opportunity to draw a real issue, a chance to

make a real fight, an opportunity for the minority party to perform a real service in at least forcibly presenting the other side of a theory of taxation that is at least debatable and at best a doubtful experiment. There seemed to be a determination to explode some of the bunk back of the bill and halt the plan to railroad it through the Senate with undue and indecorous haste, with every rich paper in the country ready to brand as a traitor anyone with the boldness to look the thing inquiringly in the face before gulping it down.

But I was mistaken. Senator Simmons, who so determinedly took his stand and hurled back the cry of coward at those who assailed him, ran out on us. It seems that he had no intention of questioning the sacred but wholly unproved and not even plausible theory that the way to promote the fortunes of the average man of moderate means and the millions of wage-earners is first, to cut the taxes and lighten the burdens of the very rich. It seems that Senator Simmons, intrepidly leading the minority party, not only accepted that principle and agreed to the Republican rates of reduction for those with incomes under \$20,000 as well as those with incomes over \$100,000, but also agreed that the publicity feature, so offensive to the gentlemen with big incomes, should not be restored. At least he agreed not to make its restoration a real party point. The main concern of the minority leader seemed to be the horrible inequality with which the poor wretches whose incomes range from \$20,000 to \$100,000 were treated in the House bill.

It was to the relief of these miserable and starving fellows that Senator Simmons rushed and when his relief was promised he let it be known that the Democrats would not only accept the higher surtax cuts, but join in the effort to abolish the federal estate and inheritance tax. Later the situation got slightly jumbled and the non-partisan agreement in the Committee was repudiated by both Simmons and King, Democrats on the Finance Committee.

At the time of writing this it looks as if various amendments to the bill will be offered by the Democrats—but the thing that seems sure is that not one of them embodying a principle, a theory or a general taxation idea will be supported or proposed by the party. In a word the Democrats in the Senate, as in the House, have succumbed to the newspaper and banking forces back of the Mellon taxation fight. They dared not stand up and fight. Awed by the seven million majority and the unprecedented press support which has made Mr. Mellon a sacred and fabulous figure, to question whose wisdom and purity has become a high crime, the once great Democratic party confesses utter incapacity and extreme cowardice.

It is afraid—actually afraid—to fight against the odds. Disguise it as you will, explain it in any way you like, the fact remains that the party is a craven party without a principle or an idea on the fundamental question of taxation not supplied by the Republicans. The fact remains that the Democrats are no longer a minority party. The only minority party in House or Senate is composed of the little band of Progressives. They are the only ones with a real program. There will, of course, be a fight in

the Senate before the bill gets through. Norris and Borah and LaFollette, Reed of Missouri, and the pugnacious and entirely fearless Couzens are not going to let it get by without shooting some holes in it, and the Democrats will join in and support this or that proposal, provided it does not clash with the sacred principle which as a party they seem to have accepted, that the poor man's prosperity is dependent upon relieving the rich men of a burdensome tax. At least, it now appears to me that a fight will be made in the Senate along these lines and in this general direction, but I do not want to be understood as making a prediction. By the time this appears in print the Progressives may have surrendered to the pressure, too, and everybody may be for the beautiful and benevolent idea that the very wealthy are the people who are entitled to the first and largest tax reduction. I may by that time have succumbed myself, but I don't think so.

I do not want to close this week without mentioning the meeting held here of the Society of Editors, composed of the leading editorial writers and managing editors of nearly all the great newspapers—a hundred and more of them. Down they came to Washington and for two or three days the Washington correspondents devoted themselves to escorting these home office editors about the city, introducing them to Senators and Cabinet officers, and giving ocular demonstration of the wideness of their public acquaintance and the intimate footing which is theirs with the outer guards at the White House and State Department. Some of the editors were taken up to see Mr. Coolidge and a selected few of them were invited to lunch at the White House and another selected few to dinner. Most of the editors are for the good Calvin. Nearly all of them are for the Mellon-Coolidge tax program. They represent the owners and lack of conservatism in editors is not a becoming thing. Besides some of these fellows have got out of the impecunious class and are now in the group of \$20,000 to \$100,000 income payers whose sad plight so appealed to Senator Simmons.

For two days the editors were in solemn session at the Willard and various resolutions were passed and speeches made. One resolution that was not passed, however, was one expelling from the Association a Mr. Bonfils of the Denver Post, who, it will be recalled, got considerable notoriety during the course of the Senate exposé of the oil scandals two years ago. Mr. Bonfils is, I am told, a member of the Society, which not so long ago adopted a very noble Code of Ethics. By some of the members it was privately urged that Mr. Bonfils had violated this code and that unless the society takes some action in his case its code becomes a joke. But the society took no action and I do not think it will take any. Most of these editors are a timid lot and Mr. Bonfils is notoriously not timid. The disposition is, not to contend that the Code of Ethics is not made ridiculous by his membership, but to avoid getting into a row with him about it. The fact is, those who have been urging action have rather embarrassed some of the officials of the society. It is a situation not without its humorous side, particularly when you think of the Code of Ethics.

Washington.

T. R. B.

The Bandwagon

FIRST WARNING

Our earth is degenerate in these latter days. There are signs that the world is coming to an end. Children no longer obey their parents. Everybody wants to write a book. The end of the world is manifestly drawing near.

—*Egyptian stone now lodged in the Imperial Turkish Museum, Constantinople, dated 4000 B. C.*

EXTRA, EXTRA

Day after day, time after time, The Graphic scoops its competitors. Yesterday the march of scoops continued as usual, with several important news and picture scoops, among which was: First picture of Irene Bordoni when she arrived on S. S. Paris, introducing a new fad—illustrated stockings.

—*New York Evening Graphic.*

HAPPY DAYS

Art, literature, music, learning, entertainment and benevolence—all find their finest expression in this saloon-less land.

—*Bulletin of the Anti-Saloon League.*

WOULDN'T LISTEN TO REASON

Corn is bringing less than 50 cents a bushel on the farm, whereas it costs about 75 cents a bushel to produce. This makes the farmers indignant. . . . President Coolidge thought he could cure this situation with a little common sense. He journeyed to Chicago and made a speech. . . . The result, judging by reports from all over the Northwest, was a failure.

—*Washington correspondence of the New York Herald-Tribune.*

HELL FREEZES OVER

Malden, Mass., Dec. 31.—As part of a drive to prevent a crime wave, Malden's policemen are being measured for ice skates, with which the entire force is to be equipped.

—*New York Sun.*

A LITTLE COMPETITION FOR THE NORDICS

The principles of "The Brenner Guard" include:

1. The divinity of Italy.
2. Italian products are the best in the world.
3. The Italian landscape is the most beautiful in the world.
4. The most unworthy Italian is worth a thousand foreigners.

—*Associated Press despatch from Rome.*

PRESENT STATUS OF THE BACK-TO-THE-LAND MOVEMENT

Incomparable values! Hudson Bay Seal, new 1926 models. . . . Genuine squirrel. . . . Kit leopard coats. . . . Raccoon coats. . . . A piece of Florida land, 25x100 feet, free and clear, given away with every purchase.

—*Advertisement, Hudson Bay Fur Co., New York City.*

In Defense of our Vulgarity

IF refinement implies spiritual values, vulgarity might be called their *aggressive* absence. Such values need not be individually acquired. They may be traditional, unconscious. They are not necessarily linked to personal traits like morality and learning. The Negro peasant in the Alabama black belt may be illiterate and often drunk. But in his native state, he draws from the soil and sky in whose cycles he is seasoned, a grace which is refinement even if it be unconscious like the grace of a flower. Perhaps he is transplanted to some crude mining suburb of Birmingham. Probably, then, he loses his refinement. But if the loss remain passive, if it be not aggressive, he is not yet vulgar. Give him now a shrewd head by means of which he pushes north and lands in Harlem. Teach him that he is a free-born, American citizen on whom it is incumbent to amuse himself in metropolitan fashion. Hand him a little money and a good dose of our contemporary eighteenth century notion of Equality. Now, his absence of refinement will grow aggressive. He will be vulgar.

We all came from Europe with a modicum of refinement. And the collateral descendants of our forebears have it still in the mines and farms of Britain, in the towns of Germany and Italy, in the ghettos of Galicia. No natural peasant of Europe is quite without it. For this refinement is almost as widespread as vegetation—as perishable, as passive.

Transplanted, we lost this leguminous bloom. But we were not vulgar until we had grown conscious of being great. American vulgarity is the sum of our spiritual loss and of our assertiveness. Were we less lordly, our lack of spiritual values would not make us vulgar. And were we spiritually full, our assertiveness might prove a virtue. Vulgar people exist everywhere. We are perhaps the only nationally vulgar people. And therein dwells not alone our predicament, but our hope.

Surely, this vulgarity is clear in all our words and acts, from Maine to Texas! In my optimism, I would have it no less than universal. I would not be cheated of finding it, wherever America and Americanism wave. Politicians of other lands may be merely corrupt or dull: ours are vulgar. There is naught vulgar about the servant of a European lord. But there is naught more vulgar than an American lackey at post before the barracks of Park Avenue—save the barracks themselves, and the millionaires they house. Our newspapers are vulgar. But so are many of our churches. Witness their aggressiveness, their display of results, their want of the sanctity of silence. Our evangelists are vulgar, being void of vision and full of advertising. But the Menckinites who rail against them are no less vulgar—for the identical reason. Chicago is doubtless vulgar: but so is Ben Hecht who hates Chicago. And the whole land has turned the motor car into vulgarity's badge: since it has become an instrument of display, a means of elocuting at so many miles per hour the owner's social status up and down the country.

Now, if you analyze this universal vulgarity of ours, you will discover in it a constant element of *misplaced effort*. The European servant may be quite as spiritually void as ours; but he is less vulgar because he is less striving: what he lacks is precisely the unfounded aspiration which makes

our lackey vulgar. Our advertisements are vulgar because they strive so commonly to be something beyond the nature of advertisements—sermons or homilies, editorials or art. Our newspapers are vulgar because they presume to be arbiters of taste and morals; and our churches are vulgar because they labor for results with the methods of factory and salesroom.

Run down the list and it will bear me out. This vulgarity of ours means no intrinsic lack of spiritual will and energy; it means the failure of that good will and energy, of our best values and of our life to "get together." We dwell in a confusion of impulses and forms. The spirit is exiled from the deed. The deed hungers for justification by the spirit. That is why we are aggressive. And the spirit lacks body. That is why we are wistful, credulous, neurotic. High energy we have—energy of the kind known as religious. It vaporizes for lack of a container; or it is misapplied in the pushing of old creeds no longer fit to house it. Emptiness grows emphatic because it strives to be full.

Now all of this is the due consequence of our past. For more than three centuries, old forms of thought and life—for the most part hostile to each other—were dumped upon our soil. Not until about 1860 had they all rotted enough to begin to come together; had they rotted enough for the first tender shoot of a true America to rise from the immemorial fecundity of decay. In our outward life, we are still committed to forms of living which our nascent spirit has rejected. We still lug around this archaic body of theological pioneers; and by means of it we attempt to stammer out the rounded New World vision of a Whitman. The result is, of course, a botch. The result, also, is a promise. This madness of ours, finding symbols in motors, dramas in football games, art in advertisements, morality in statutes, and sermons in tabloid papers lacks only a working method to become supremely sane. Deflect this misplaced will-to-Unity into some channel that will hold it; and we shall see how the energy which mothers American vulgarity and American folly can father greatness.

Nor must we forget that all these forms of life in which today we express vulgarity, because they are not proper conduits for the clamorous spirit with which we endeavor to infuse them, are not American at all—are European. We may produce 90 percent of the motors of the world; we may measure our progress by our physical power: but the machine and the gold-and-iron standard of value are fundamentally and historically of Europe. Our contribution has been not in the form but in the spirit which *deforms* it. We have not made the machine: we have made of the machine the carrier of a Dream. Mr. Henry Ford may be more vulgar than M. Citroën of Paris, because he is a tuppenny prophet: but it is the prophet in him, not the mechanic, which is of our land.

The world wistfully senses this. Europe reads the book of Henry Ford and studies the vulgarest of American expressions through a deep instinct and a mastering hunger. It seeks new spiritual gold. It knows—although it may not analyze the knowledge—that our vulgarity is an ore which holds it.

WALDO FRANK.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

The U. S. in Mexican Eyes

SIR: The policy of the United States of America toward the United States of Mexico, particularly since last year's undiplomatic statements of the Secretary of State, (which contained threats against the constitutional order and stability of the government of Mexico) is wholly at variance with American protestations of friendship, assurances of respect for the sovereignty of Mexico, and professions of attachment to the principles of arbitration and judicial settlement of international disputes.

American interference with legislation that is being considered by the Mexican Congress deliberately destroys our liberty for legislation and constitutes a transgression of international right. It is tantamount to an assumption of extra-territorial jurisdiction, the very thing the republics of Turkey and China have been fighting against. It demonstrates that the worst misfortune for a nation is to be weak and unable to protect itself against a stronger nation. It is the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the labor government of Mexico, that constitutes the only serious obstacle to the work of President Calles for the economic rehabilitation, political stability, social upliftment and educational progress of the country.

Foreigners in Mexico, or in any other country for that matter, are obliged to obey the laws of the land. If any of their constitutional rights are infringed upon they have the right to appeal to Mexican courts for protection. Appeal to the home government is to be resorted to only when there is a clear case of denial of justice. But no such charge can be made against the Mexican judiciary.

There is no difference between the United States and Mexico which ought to be settled by threats and force. Such practice cannot be the foundation of a court of international justice. Every such difference can be amicably solved if there is a desire to conform to the dictates of reason and justice.

A. M. GARCIA.

Rochester, N. Y.

A Light Unto the Jew

SIR: Mr. William J. Perlman's animadversions, in your issue of January 6, on Mr. Waldo Frank's remarks in praise of the Menorah movement should not pass unchallenged.

Mr. Perlman asks a series of rhetorical questions which he answers categorically and altogether falsely, in the negative. It is too easy. I have been a student of just such questions for considerable time, and I am certain that anybody who has specific and circumstantial knowledge of how the Jewish social inheritance of Antikolski, Heine, Brandes et al., compenetrated with their Christian social environment, could show well enough how this receives a Jewish tone; and those familiar with the cultural history of the large Jewish communities in Russia, Poland and the United States could point out definitely enough how they have in their time enriched the inward cultural life of these Jewries.

I hope that Mr. Frank and those who know the cultural history of the German-American and Italian-American communities will show up categorically and in detail the falsehood of the assertion that these communities have contributed nothing to the spiritual wealth of America.

Mr. Perlman seems to me to be making an unnecessary special plea with a disregard for the facts which can do his cause, to which I myself adhere, no good. The chances that some millions of Jews in an autonomous community in Palestine might in the fullness of time attain cultural distinction do not constitute a dispensation of the urge and necessity for some millions of Jews at present in the United States to seek cultural distinction in terms of the idiosyncrasy of their social and cultural inheritance. I have shown, in my *Culture and Democracy in the United States*, why the conditions of industrial life make such cultural differentiation—in all directions—irretrievably necessary to the salvation of modern civilization, and will not dwell upon it here.

I wish to say in conclusion that I entirely agree with Mr. Frank that in the Menorah movement the Jews of America have an instrument of great potential service to Jewish and to the national letters, of which, unfortunately, they have too poorly availed themselves.

H. M. KALLEN.

New York, N. Y.

A Publisher in the Woodpile?

SIR: Is it too soon to hear the complete history of the famous Tennessee Evolution War? I have been wondering if possibly back of all we have heard about Bryan, Scopes, Darrow, and the other actors, there might be the proverbial Ethiopian.

School-book publishers are enterprising business men. Could it be that one of these saw a golden opportunity to stir up religious intolerance and turn it to his own advantage? It is reasonable to assume that the science books formerly used in the Tennessee schools have now been replaced by others innocent of the taint of evolution. Who got the business? Was there a publisher who deliberately set a sphere a-rolling? If so, how he must have chuckled when he was obtaining so much publicity from our great men—gratis! Of course demand for a science text-book free from "evolutionary propaganda" would not be confined to Tennessee. Thanks to this gigantic advertising campaign, other disturbed school boards would inquire of Tennessee where safe books could be purchased. What a heaven-sent opportunity for some publisher to get rid of some moss-bound science books cluttering up his shelves, stock long ago checked off at inventory as loss!

J. CHESTER MOLYNEUX.

Jamestown, N. Y.

The Millennium Still Delayed

SIR: I am interested in the articles appearing in your paper and others relative to the death of the "great publisher," Frank Munsey. I wonder if the journalists who have suffered under his tyranny will pause when writing flowery tributes to others such as he—and remember that thousands have not the weapon of the pen to fight their battles and air their injustices.

How many employers do you know who feel their co-workers have any sort of claim upon themselves or their organizations? Where do you find faithful work rewarded?

So a handful of newspaper men face unemployment and uncertainty!

How about the thousands who are never out of the hell of uncertainty and the fear of unemployment?

Remember, dear journalists—the millennium has not yet come. We are still in America—1926.

B. D. MACNEILL.

Rochester, N. Y.

The President's World

SIR: Your reviewer of Mr. White's book on the President says, "The priest puts the gospel with accustomed pith in saying that 'the business of America is business.'" How neatly that hedges in the little plot of thought and parochial outlook of the President, and defines him as one of the mediocrities so beloved of the American public! Even Mr. White and your reviewer seem to be somewhat taken in by our canny Chief Magistrate, whose imagination is unable to conceive of any larger and worthier destiny for the country than a nation of foxy money makers. A mouse, rummaging in a cupboard, might well think the great end of the world is cheese. And a sort of mouse philosophy is what we have long been accustomed to expect from Mr. Coolidge; so that one may wonder why the Kansan editor should have written a book on him, or anyone should want to read it. . . .

P. T. A. NEUMANN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Life of Elbert H. Gary

The Life of Elbert H. Gary: The Story of Steel, by Ida M. Tarbell. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 355 pages. \$3.50.

THE latest and noblest of the Rollo books has just been published by D. Appleton and Company. It is the *Life of Elbert H. Gary*, written by Ida M. Tarbell. The Hero of this romance is a country boy, the son of honest but not poor parents, who through hard work and nobility of character became: first, a good lawyer, second, a big business man, and finally, an Industrial Statesman. (Capital letters supplied by Miss Tarbell.)

It is not a very thrilling story because the Hero never makes a mistake, is always right, and always wins. As you read the chronicle of his successive triumphs over duller and more wicked men, you come to understand that in the business world the ultimate victory of the good, the pure and the just man is inevitable. At least that appears to be the lesson of Judge Gary's life, as taught by Ida M. Tarbell.

When the billion-dollar Steel Corporation was formed and Judge Gary was made Chairman of the Board, he began his great work of converting the leaders of the steel industry from "Ishmaels," "gamblers," "robbers" and "cut-throats," to Christian gentlemen. In the beginning he met sneers and defiance. One director who resigned quickly "is said to have given as a reason that though he believed in Sunday school he didn't believe in turning a business into a Sunday school." But our Hero could not be defeated. "When he began his work the industry was, nearly, if not quite, the lowest in morale in this country; it has become the highest, the most self-respecting, controlled, responsive to public opinion."

This statement just quoted from Miss Tarbell's book should have been put on the wires by the Associated Press the day it was published. It would certainly be news in Pittsburgh, Chicago and Washington. It would be news to thousands of steel workers, to hundreds of public officials, ministers of the Gospel, labor leaders, newspaper men, and social students. It would be news in fact to almost anyone well informed regarding industrial conditions in America. But Miss Tarbell produces a host of disinterested witnesses to support her claim. The general counsel for the Steel Corporation, its secretary, its former president, several directors, and even the heads of other steel companies, agree that Judge Gary "has put the Golden Rule in the Steel Corporation's business." Men like Charles M. Schwab, H. H. Rogers and Henry Frick testify that they were wrong and Judge Gary was right. Even his competitors were converted by his "evangelistic fervor"—and by his ability to make goodness pay. Miss Tarbell assures us that "they had come to love one another like brothers."

Without desiring to lessen the measure of Judge Gary's achievements or even to question the lofty estimate of his character, it may be submitted that he has found an able advocate in Miss Tarbell, but not a biographer. This book is a brief in behalf of Elbert H. Gary filed in the court of public opinion. It is in no sense an opinion delivered by a member of the court. As a well written brief, it may improve the public estimate of the social value of Judge Gary's labors. It can hardly improve the public estimate of the value of Miss Tarbell's researches and reports.

How are the vast problems treated that have arisen in the expansion of the steel industry and the concentration of its control? They are surveyed, discussed and dismissed in the customary manner of a group of business men having an after-dinner smoke talk, explaining their money-making as the natural reward of hard work, intelligence and fair dealing. All disagreeable questions raised by "radical critics" or "ignorant agitators" are avoided. Notorious wrongs are referred to as former evils now abolished. The arguments and statistics of public officials and economists which do not jibe with their own propaganda are slurred over. It is by such devices that Miss Tarbell is able to preserve from reality the Rollo-like character of her Hero.

Consider briefly the treatment of the creation of the Steel Corporation and the issue of \$700,000,000 of securities, not based on "tangible assets." What were the "intangibles," she inquires, and then hastily suggests that "a more important question . . . was the purpose of its founders." This is a method of evasion which persists throughout the narrative. Here is an unpleasant issue of fact. Let us at once twist it to a moral issue of opinion. Then the treatment becomes quite easy, because no matter what is done, we can prove that it was right and just by the simple method of quoting a statement by Judge Gary, or one of his associates, that nothing was intended except what was right. And so the troublesome question is passed by.

Another example of the author's mental processes occurs in her sympathetic account of the labor policies of her Hero. The employes of the Steel Corporation were presented with what Miss Tarbell calls a "New Year's gift" on December 31, 1902. This "gift" was an offer of 7 percent preferred stock at \$82.50 a share, a few dollars under the temporary market price. Inside a year the market price of this stock, bought by over 26,000 employes at \$82.50, fell to \$49; wages were cut and employes were laid off. But "thoughtful workingmen" were reassured, writes Miss Tarbell, because "it was not to be held against them, so a circular they received announced, that they were not able now to meet their payments, and when the plants opened again, if they came back, they could take up their subscriptions where they left them."

It is perhaps in her review of the Gary attitude toward labor that Miss Tarbell reveals most clearly that she is writing a brief and not a reliable biography. Whether it is the indefensible twelve-hour day, or the use of under-cover spies, or the refusal to meet representatives of the employes, or the policies of labor leaders, which are being considered, she adopts faithfully the attitudes of her Hero and provides no basis for criticizing the righteousness of anything he has done or said. The twelve-hour day was "practically forced on the steel industry in the eighties and nineties by workers in opposition to the employers!" "Under-cover agitators always breed under-cover men in human activities!" (The employes are in fault in both instances!)

Judge Gary refused to meet labor leaders because "they did not represent the workers of the Steel Corporation." But he admitted at the same time that they represented 15 percent of the workers!

Miss Tarbell has no space to give to the published contentions of labor in its controversies with her Hero, but she repeats as hearsay that strikers expected to take over the plants and "were reported to have portioned out among

their numbers the executive jobs," although at the same time asserting that the experienced labor leaders felt the strike was a "failure from the start!"

Other notable opponents of the Gary policies receive equally generous consideration. Government attorneys who prosecuted the Steel Corporation for restraint of trade, Justices of the Supreme Court who held that the prosecution was right, the Federal Trade Commission which held against the corporation, receive their share of criticism, express or implied, but the bases for the wrong thinking of these public servants is not set forth, so the reader is given no grounds for an independent judgment.

Here lies the vital defect in this so-called biography and one which most impairs its value even as a pæan of praise of an Industrial Statesman. Intelligent students of men and affairs seek facts as the bases for judgment. A scholarly biography will contain facts and opinions which reflect credit and discredit upon the human subject. The opinions of the author will carry weight as a balancing of the book of life—if the credits and debits are fully entered and the additions and subtractions fairly made.

Judge Gary may be an exceptionally noble and able man. He may have been right in 90 percent of the opinions and actions for which he has been criticized. It is extremely unlikely that he has been 100 percent right. It is extremely unlikely that he has always accomplished the best possible result. He would be the last person to make such a claim. But when one ends what purports to be a story of his life with every item entered in the ledger on the credit side, one realizes that here is the argument of counsel for the defense and wonders what the argument of counsel for the plaintiff would be.

It is an able argument, but it lacks that quality of great advocacy wherein opposing contentions are fairly stated and discussed and then overthrown by superior authority. The question arises: Was this Portia uninformed regarding the case of the opposition or did she fear even to review it, lest its strength should destroy her own case? Her Hero at all times appears too good to be true. He is.

DONALD R. RICHBERG.

The Messianic People

Israel, by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Boni and Liveright. 280 pages. \$3.

THE theory of the Jews as chosen people is assuredly not novel. From the pre-exilic days and through the Diaspora to the present, it has had its expounders. For the eastern Jew, who still prays daily for the restoration of the Temple, the doctrine has found its logical expression in the modern return of God's people to Jerusalem. With this ancient homeland as a centre, the cultural Zionists, as distinguished from those mainly interested in economic and political liberation, desire to develop the special genius of Israel. Reform Judaism, which had its beginnings in the Germany of the early nineteenth century, has not for itself been concerned with the Palestinian vision. It has, however, preached the mission of the Jews as bearers of righteousness to the modern world, as light unto the contemporary Gentiles. Although the reform Jews have divested themselves of most of the impedimenta of ritual and are, by the orthodox, considered scarcely Jews at all, this one conviction has been for them a cohesive force—namely, that the Jews are uniquely endowed as ethical leaders, and that Israel's continuance as an entity,

in spite of every historic effort at extirpation, is in itself a preachment of the moral necessity of a Messianic people.

These doctrines—the cultural obligation of the Jew to cease taking color from his environment and to become deeply himself, and the theory of Israel as dedicated to moral propaganda—God-drunk, as has been aptly said—Mr. Lewisohn has rediscovered for himself with a fervor that connotes a religious conversion. He has "found himself," he has "come home to himself and to Israel"; his pilgrimage that has stretched from the Standard Club of Chicago to where Mount Hermon looks into Galilee has born spiritual fruition. This synthesis of the hopes of the cultural Zionist and of the reform Jew's conviction of Israel's messianic destiny in the dispersion—a synthesis which will not be grateful to the extremists of either division—Mr. Lewisohn offers as salvation to a third type which represents a large body of modern Jewry, the "persecuted assimilationist, that strangest and most pitiful of creatures, who is not a Jew and cannot be a non-Jew and wanders, an unhappy phantom, between two alien worlds."

As all good liberals and internationalists who are committed emotionally to the theory of Israel's national mission, Mr. Lewisohn rationalizes his position by the assumption that the separatism of the Jews is not as other separatisms. The Jews are the people of the book, the only people ripe in civilization. In a barbarian world of warring nationalities they must keep faith with themselves and with certain high spirits among the Gentiles, that the earth be eventually converted to a rational Utopia—without wars and with complete economic justice.

By just what mechanism this slightly paranoiac dream of the Jew is to be realized, the author does not state in such manner as wholly to convince the sceptically-minded—although he has a definite "program," which includes the building of Jewish universities in those countries in which the Jews have been made uncomfortable in Gentile institutions—which would mean, I take it, all occidental countries. For Zionism and its cultural projects, Mr. Lewisohn astutely enough predicts that the attempt of a cosmopolitan people to return to an ancient language and to the simplicities and the cultural genius of a folk-group will have its difficulties. Mr. Lewisohn's solution is that education in Palestine be of compulsion tri-lingual, so that the national poet be able to create with equal facility in Hebrew, in English and in German. However, since so little is actually known of the sources of cultural flowering and of the relation of a folk in its creative processes to the environmental facts of soil and language, one becomes wary here of the easy answer—as one does also in the author's oft-repeated assertion that the cause of anti-Semitism is assimilation, in view of Tsarist Russia and of modern Poland. Nor does Mr. Lewisohn, who is dedicated as are the cultural Zionists to the faith not yet proven of the productive genius of the Jew in an intensely Jewish milieu, attempt to explain the coincidence of the period of the greatest artistic and scientific productivity of the German Jews with the period of their closest assimilation to the culture of their birthland. Indeed, all through the present volume, one finds Ludwig Lewisohn, the scholar, confronting almost too fiercely Ludwig Lewisohn, the nationalist, with the pronouncement that not one jot or tittle of Western culture need be abjured in Israel's new homeland of the spirit.

Mr. Lewisohn shares with Mary Austin, who became one of his antagonists with the publication of *Upstream*, the theory of the inheritance of racial ideas and traditions.

Mrs. Austin would predict the spontaneous reappearance in the brain of a Christian child brought up, say, among the Hottentots, of the concepts of chivalry and of Maryolatry. Mr. Lewisohn likewise assumes in "the subconsciousness of the Jew, exile and terror, the knife, the faggot, the Messianic hope"—also a sure instinct for "eternal justice" as opposed to the "artificial sense of honor, the acceptance of life as a game to be played according to rules" of the "Aryan gentleman." Yet the author most illogically is annoyed at Mrs. Austin's annoyance at his advisements in a liberal American weekly on the subject of sex-mores—that complex fusion of deep-lying group tendencies. . . . While ethnology and psychology are still highly uncertain in the entire matter of individual and of racial inheritance, the didacticisms of both Mr. Lewisohn and Mrs. Austin might well be tempered. Also for those interested in the environment and heredity conflict, it may be relevant to note that Mr. Lewisohn's anti-feminism of some few years ago bore indisputably the characteristics of the Teutonic type rather than those of the more ancient Hebrew variety.

Yet even for those who find the conclusions unconvincing, the book will prove stirring reading. It is written in a poetic prose that has predominantly the rhythms of an oratorical beauty. Its survey of the outstanding Jewish literary and scientific figures (the Jewish business genius does not interest Mr. Lewisohn!) is done with brilliancy. Its statement of the disquietude of the modern Jew is the most adequate made thus far. The Palestinian chapters are a valuable explanation of the latest developments. And surely the record of the personal salvation of a modern Jewish intellectual is interesting addition to the growing number of books concerning a problem which is undoubtedly pressing on the conscience of the modern world.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK.

Five Novels

Appassionata, by Fannie Hurst. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Friends of Mr. Sweeney, by Elmer Davis. New York: Robert M. McBride Company. \$2.

Bread and Circuses, by W. E. Woodward. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.

The Dark Tower, by Francis Brett Young. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Aricie Brun, by Emile Henriot. Translated by Henry Longan Stuart. New York: The Viking Press. \$2.

FANNIE HURST'S theme is admirably suited to her talents, conspicuous among which is a flaming sympathy for people no matter how alien to her or to each other. This sympathy scorches us and smokes and gets in our eyes, but it is impossible not to fall under its spell. Miss Hurst believes furiously, almost hysterically, in what she is doing, and she expresses herself with a passionate, tortured abundance which is at once the mainspring of her power and the source of considerable irritation for the reader. Laurie Regan is the daughter of a miserly self-made millionaire Irishman, the youngest of a family half-defeated, half revolting. She is engaged. She is also a Catholic. Marriage frightens her. She puts the date off; partly as the result of an accident she becomes prey to an hysteria which prevents her from walking until, oh, blessed

relief, she decides not to marry at all but to enter a convent and become the bride of Christ alone. Her love can never be physical; her love is strongest and purest when it is less like love than pity.

Miss Hurst seems to have penetrated the mysteries and ecstasies of Catholicism with great tenderness and insight. The most solid parts of the book are Laurie's naïve devotion, her recollection of convent days, her talks with the nuns and priests. What she says to them, and even more what they say to her, is filled with a kind of magnificent simple calm which Miss Hurst, though she achieves it without apparent effort, might very well have found contrary to her nature. For Miss Hurst's usual way of writing and creating is anything but calm, anything but restrained. Phrases bubble up irrepressibly from her feverish imagination as from a million-barrel oil well, and they often have the same purple and green and golden iridescence as oil. She pours too quick and too fast. For every phrase that flashes out with electric accuracy—and there are hundreds of these—there are ten that seem groping, unripe with a frenzied phosphorescence. Her style, as she tries incessantly to pierce through to reality, often sounds like a woodpecker. But such a luscious, feverish woodpecker. Here is a brief selection from the impression that Laura's naked body made on her author and on herself:

The urn-like loveliness. Her body just that. A Greek urn with the slight flatulence of hips below the handles and the long tapering vase of torso . . . Slow delicious gyrations of you there on the bear rug with the urn of body shining, feet on the white lush, back arched with yawning and arms snakes, with fists for heads, winding and winding.

A vivid picture, to be sure, if one were not distracted from the picture by the plunging, yearning, bubbling words. It is all so frantically hit or miss. Of the hits, outnumbered by but somehow triumphing over the misses, this one is typical:

. . . the petty talk could rattle off the pink chute of her tongue like hard coals.

Miss Hurst has no power to let well enough alone. But if she had, she would very likely not stun and leave us breathless with her roaring power and erratic beauty. The characters are often heavily underlined with recurring tags, but it is difficult to say whether they live in spite of or because of her scalding emphasis. Father Regan's speech is always "clogged," Mother Regan is always like an empty bean bag with the beans spilled out, Katy is always empty a sore throat rag. Their idiosyncrasies are rubbed into us like an overdose of salt until we want to scream. But, hang it, they live, and that's what counts. A magnificent, inexhaustible, maddening, helter-skelter unfastidious talent. If, like a wild horse, it were tamed a little and broken to more rigorous use, would it not lose in fascination what it gained in discipline? We for one prefer to have it as it is, while expressing an admiration not unmixed with annoyance.

So many books have been written lately with the sole purpose of amusing us that it is refreshing to find something thoroughly readable, completely frivolous and at the same time free from the plotless smartness now fashionable. Friends of Mr. Sweeney is first of all a highly ingenious story, sheer good fun, ravelled and unravelled with an easy skill and a workmanlike irresponsibility. None of the

characters pretends to be real, but since all of them are distinct, what happens to them—and it is a great deal—is engrossing. Mr. Davis has a lively irony, at times sardonic, but he never makes more fun of his people than does the reader.

In Bunk, Lottery, and now Bread and Circuses. Mr. Woodward has a great deal of fun which he does not always manage to share with his reader. He has a keen, but often too insistent mind, leaning heavily upon private fancies and inventions which delight him and puzzle us. In each book one has had the impression of considerable power and originality moving in circles and wasting themselves on things other than the point. Yet it is one of his charms that the point is neither always evident nor always reached, that here is that none too common variety of writer, one who enjoys quite as much the things seen on the roadside as the destination itself. Mr. Woodward is a "Debunker," he is sharply satiric of American push and wholesale thought, but he takes a great deal of time off from this arduous job to create unusual and diverting characters. Unfortunately they have a way of diverting him so much that they frequently turn out unusual, and little else. Like the other books by this man who has rather late in life deserted business for literature, Bread and Circuses sounds as if it had been dictated, but not read.

In The Dark Tower Mr. Francis Brett Young has borrowed, rather awkwardly, the device so often attributed to Conrad of retelling the story forward and backward through the mouth of an accomplished monologist. The device occasionally has the merit of adding verbal volume to a slim story. Here the story is slim indeed, and it is fearfully dilated with approaches, retreats, recollections and surmises. The scene is the lonely border mountains between Wales and England, and in a number of brief landscapes Mr. Young is at his best. These glimpses of the natural romance of wind and owls and streams melting and the rustle of leaves are far more convincing than the situation and the people for whom they were only intended to be a frame. All three characters suffer from under-exposure to the heat of imagination, and remain fabricated, as if Mr. Young had written the story prematurely. Neither their individuality nor their drama is sufficiently alive to justify the over-alert searchings, reconstructions and suppositions of the narrator.

Archie Brun is compared in the publisher's blurb to Maria Chapdelaine, the Forsyte Saga, Thackeray and Dickens. Its simple qualities will survive the comparison, however untrue. It has been crowned or otherwise approved by the French Academy, and possesses just the sort of rather charming respectable solidity that this would lead one to expect. Beginning in 1817, the story takes a kindly, well-furnished course through the lives of a prosperous Bordeaux merchant and his descendants. A large number of very different and quite human people are brought to life with a sober accumulation of detail which needs only a little more edge to bring the book above the average. Too many of M. Henriot's best properties and his most telling business have been used before: the old maid treasuring her packet of memories, the bitter illegitimate son, the clerk in the shipping business whose hands move quickly over maps of the whole world, but whose incurious feet have never been to the far end of the garden, the lively ladies kicking hats off shocked old gentlemen. Yet so pleasant and easy is the narrative, so sympathetically done are the characters that we readily forget that we have read a lot of books ever so much like this one, but a good deal better.

ROBERT LITTELL.

The Supreme Court in Excelsis

The Constitution and the Supreme Court, by Charles Warren. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 308 pages. \$3.50.

THIS book is written on the assumption that the Supreme Court is the lovely Una whom Mr. Warren, as the Red Cross Knight, is destined to guard from the perils of wanton radicalism. He has no difficulty in showing, with great clarity and ample learning, that the founders of the American Constitution generally understood that the doctrine of judicial review was inherent in its structure; and that, consequently, all criticisms which assume that the function of reviewing the constitutionality of congressional Acts is usurpation are beside the mark. He thereupon argues, first, that to make Congress the final judge of its own powers would destroy the Constitution; second, that the proposal to uphold congressional legislation unless six or seven judges are hostile to its constitutionality, would be fatal to the standing of the Court; third, that, except for *Coppage v. Kansas*, the adherents of labor have no cause to complain of its decisions; and, finally, that the notable independence of the Court is one of the outstanding features of its history.

Mr. Warren makes out a powerful case for his conclusions; and, very notably, he is able, I think, to show that some of the opponents of the Court, and notably Senator La Follette, have not been over-zealous for accuracy in the criticisms they have brought against it. But the charges which an outsider would regard as serious he simply does not discuss at all. Their substance, as a foreigner understands them, is that, most notably in the case of the Fourteenth Amendment, the Court uses the weapons at its disposal to enforce economic ideas which are out of harmony with the wants of the time. It is only, he would say, the rarely imaginative judge, like Mr. Justice Holmes, or the uniquely-informed judge, like Mr. Justice Brandeis, who can put aside the traditions and prejudices in which he is unconsciously steeped, and deal with an issue like the problem of the minimum wage on its merits. Anyone, for instance, who heard the dialogue between Chief Justice White and Professor Frankfurter during the hearing of *Stetteler v. Oregon* would have felt that, granted all the presumptions of independence and fairness that Mr. Warren desires, the Chief Justice literally did not know what liberty of contract means in the modern industrial state. Anyone, again, who studies the majority decision in *Abrams v. the United States* can hardly help feeling that those who took part in it were simple-minded men who decided the case, of course quite unconsciously, on the ground that sympathizers with the Russian Revolution must really be wicked people. In the *Hitchman* case, further, the Court could not have decided as it did had its members really grasped the nature of the modern industrial struggle. Mr. Warren himself admits that the *Adair* case gives labor the right to a grievance. But he does not seem to understand that the temper which decided the *Adair* case is the temper of men who are, under the guise of law, settling what are really economic issues in terms of an outworn political economy. "Judges," Mr. Justice Holmes has written, "commonly are elderly men, and are more likely to hate at sight any analysis to which they are not accustomed and which disturbs repose of mind, than to fall in love with novelties." And the inference to be drawn

therefrom is, I venture to suggest, that when issues like the Hitchman case occur, the whole bias of the Court will usually prevent it from regarding the facts with minds "open to novelties."

I should myself agree with Mr. Warren that it would be unwise to allow Congress the final say upon the constitutionality of its own acts. But while he does so on the ground that this would destroy the Constitution, I should put it on the different ground that Congress is not a sufficiently responsible body in its present form to be entrusted with this power. The fact that it sits for a definite term; the abyss which separates the executive from the legislature; the consequent difficulty of bringing home responsibility to a definite source; these, I think, are the real reasons against giving Congress freedom from judicial review. Most social experiments that we in England care about would, I suppose, have been estopped by the American Constitution; and the one case *R. v. Halliday*—which Mr. Warren quotes as an example of the horrors which occur in the absence of judicial control was an executive and not a legislative sin. It is comparable to Lincoln's action in the case of *Vallandigham*, rather than congressional action in the case of the Espionage Act. And the blame there lies not on the shoulders of Parliament, but on the judges who did not declare Sir J. Simon's act *ultra vires*. They, like the Supreme Court, suffered from war-fever. Congress as now organized would doubtless do many foolish things if the Supreme Court did not stand in the way. But if Congress were transformed into a responsible legislature most of Mr. Warren's fears would, I believe, speedily prove groundless.

Mr. Warren's attack on the view that at least six judges ought to concur in declaring congressional legislation void is not, I think, quite fairly made. He puts it in the form that it is a proposal to allow a minority of the Court to control its decisions. That is a specious way of stating the simple proposition that if the Court divides five to four there is reasonable room for legal doubt, and that when such room exists it is fair to believe that the opinion of the five, whose views often change within a decade, ought not to control the opinion of Congress. I do not see any reason to suppose that such a rule would undermine the faith of the American people in the Court. I do see grave reasons to suppose that narrowly-won decisions on grave issues of which the result is to destroy legislative action may easily, over a period, destroy men's faith in the Court.

This is, I think, the more true when the approach of Mr. Warren's school of thought to the Constitution is borne in mind. He quotes a remark of Justice Brewer to the effect that the meaning of the Constitution does not alter. "That which it meant when adopted," the judge said, "it means now." Mr. Warren surely does not adopt so narrow a view of possible construction. An instrument devised for the needs of a civilization barely emerging from the domestic stage of industry needs the most liberal possible construction to fit the wants of a civilization so vastly different as our own. That is clear, for instance, in the case of the presidential election; it is clear in the case of the Commerce clause; it is clear in the case of the Fourteenth Amendment. Nothing does the Supreme Court such grave harm as to make a fetish of it. It is impossible not to admire it, both as an idea and in its operation. But it is also impossible not to criticize it. It has had men upon it who ought never to have sat there. It has given decisions it is impossible decently to defend. That is simply to say that it is a human institution and that, accordingly, too much must not be expected of it. Mr. Warren, broadly

speaking, asks Americans to contemplate it in reverent ecstasy. If I were a patriotic American I would ask my fellow-countrymen to insist that no man be permitted to practice law until he is adequately trained in economics. There would therein be some hope that judges would learn to qualify their prejudices by the facts. And I am the more assured that this is warranted by the knowledge that men like Mr. Justice Holmes and Dean Pound, Judge Cardozo and Professor Morris Cohen, have spoken on similar lines.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

A Modern Tragedy

Two Lives, by William Ellery Leonard. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 109 pages. \$2.

IN sharp contrast to nearly all the poetry written recently in the United States is this magnificent narrative poem of Mr. Leonard's. In it is no striving for novel effect, nor for the somewhat elusive national rhythm. Both in motive and method it is universal.

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Briefly, *Two Lives* is the personal account of a scholar who falls in love with a beautiful girl in whom there rests the germ of insanity. Fearing disaster, yet putting their faith in the power of love, they marry. No sooner is happiness found than the spectre appears. The tragedy sweeps swiftly to its inevitable conclusion—the madness and death of the young wife. What the sensitive, keenly intellectual, self-critical husband feels and thinks from the time of the betrothal (he does not learn of the taint until after the betrothal, when it is too late) on through the tragedy, and long after, when he makes his adjustments with life, is set down with such bitter clarity, with such poignancy, that one is torn to the heart in reading it.

There is much tenderness in the poem. The character of the girl-wife is drawn with the utmost love and delicacy. Her beauty, her hope in the face of fear, haunt us as we follow the course of her destiny. She walks, in the fields of our fancy, hand in hand with Ophelia and with the lost Lenore.

It is a grim poem, filled with irony. It is a masterpiece.

GLENN HUGHES.

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